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BROTHERS

OR

The Brotherhood of Man

A Sun Play
on a new phase of
the World's History

by J. D. Lawrence

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WHAT THE CRITICS SAID

The original manuscript, a brief synopsis of this story, was first submitted to a well-known author, moving picture play director and producer with a letter stating that it was not offered for sale but for criticism and suggestion. He said and wrote:

"The idea is very big, . . . could be developed into an excellent story. . . . I do not see in it the kind of plot suitable to our purposes as the story is not personal enough to be truly dramatic."

The first printed synopsis was sent to a number of people. The only criticisms ever received or heard of from any one qualified to pass an opinion are those stated here.

One of America's eminent editors and reviewers voluntarily wrote a lengthy and flattering review. He said in part "**It would make a very interesting and dramatic moving picture play, combined with a few speaking parts, such as a Master of Ceremonies. or Herald, who would announce to the audience the historical setting of the drama . . . All through the piece runs a connected love story which should enlist the sympathies of the audience. The same lovers appear throughout the mystical drama**"

This is the only criticism he offered: "Although the authors disdain the reincarnation theory as the basis of their play, using it merely as a symbol, yet the continuity of the drama seems to demand it."

(Thankful for this criticism; in the revision, made since, the reincarnation theory is changed so you may take your choice whether you consider it the basis or a symbol in the play.)

I again revised the play and earnestly seeking constructive criticism I finally selected for my purpose one of the best known and most able dramatic critics in the United States. He wrote:

"**You have indeed presented a wondrous and luminous story—a work of fiery strength. It is too far in advance of present picture values and visualization to hope to see it screened. At least such is my regretful opinion.**"

I have again revised and I hope improved the story and shall send it out to those who are in position to produce it as a story, play or a moving picture play. I know it is crudely constructed and contains many errors and faults. It is the first story effort of a business man written in odd hours and evenings of strenuous business days. My critics seem to think it has a big idea for a play.

Is this story as a possible play years ahead of its time?

It seems to me that those qualified by experience and education could build it into a play that would not only be a big money maker but better still, would help ring out some of the messages of our coming new glorious human freedom, world liberty and international brotherhood.

The Author.

SEP 1 1917

AN ANALYSIS.

WHAT IS THERE IN THIS PROPOSED STORY AND PLAY?

In the first act we have the Egyptian mummies with the papyrus that tells the story of the first two acts. Then the idea of men learning from animals, the cave dwellers, idol worshipers, combination of men for protection, picture writing on stones and the petrified body—these are imaginary pictures of the author, but suppose we now compare them with the historical facts that science has discovered.

We have papyrus found in the hands of a mummy that is certainly four thousand five hundred years old. Look at the number of things men have learned from insects and animals. That early men dwelt in caves, worshipped idols they created and combined for protection is proven beyond question. Picture writing upon stones is perhaps best illustrated in the famous "Rosetta" stone. Many petrified bodies have been found in rock, and earth that were evidently thousands of years old.

In the second act we find the worship of the Sun and the sacrifice on an altar in front of the Sphinx. The building of the great pyramid by an order or brotherhood of architects and builders. A wonderful dance to the Sun. A revolution of the Idol worshipers. A sun-glass heat-ray welder used as a war engine. A love story of Cheop's daughter.

What have the excavations and studies of Scientists established?

The fact that the Sun worship was inaugurated by Pharoah Cheops. There is an altar between the paws of the Sphinx. That the great pyramid was built by an organization of exceptionally intelligent men. The pictures in the pyramid record the religious dances. That there was some sort of revolution among the people. Sun glasses were invented and used about that time. The mystery of the welding of the stones in the pyramids. Wild rumors of some love affair of Cheops' daughter.

In the third and fourth acts we find the association of people of one of the highest nations in the world with people of the lowest white nation. Characteristic pictures of the latter's lives, habits and peculiarities with an account of their history showing them to have been decedents of the ancient egyptians.

History tells us what?

That the gypsies are White Indians from Ancient Egypt and they are in truth and fact a nation with wonderful talents in music and metal working and some knowledge of the occult science.

The orations of the Herald or Voice are of course historically correct explanations of the acts and the links connecting the ages or cycles.

The fifth act is a day of today or rather events that might have actually transpired on April 2nd, 1917. Perhaps they did. Are you certain that they did not?

Act 6. The idea of an invention to win the war and end all wars by means of heat-rays from the sun. Many people would have laughed at this and called it ridiculous a short time ago. Some of those who saw the idea in a synopsis of this play months ago probably thought it silly.

READ WHAT MR. MARCONI, THE INVENTOR OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY, SAYS ABOUT IT.

The synopsis of the seventh act is purely a day dream picture of what is practically certain to, in a general way, become reality in the near future. The author apologizes for the many faults and imperfections that are in this work, but that apology does not apply to his conception of Congress of Nations, Peace Temple and Statue of World Liberty and Brotherhood except for the poverty of his ideas and description of the Statue's construction.

The principal theme or basis of the story play is of course the brotherhood of man. To this has been welded liberty for humanity. There are also other themes and lessons taught:

First. Reincarnation or a symbolical man and woman as representatives of the human family—you take your choice. If you like the theory of Reincarnation you will find it perhaps rather interestingly pictured. If you do not like that idea then you can see in the same characters in the different ages the symbolic man and woman.

Second. Evolution, both mental and physical as shown in the contrasting periods of the past and present and also particularly well exemplified in the contrast between the remnant nation, descendants of a past age of greatness—the Gypsies and our American people.

Third. The growth and development of an intuitive knowledge that we are all the children of a Spiritual Father. To each of us is left the detail of under what name and by what form we shall know and serve Him. Ancient Egypt developed religion and gave it to the world. When that highly developed civilization was but a memory, its achievements milestones in world history, and the nation a decadent people their true religion was replaced by magic rites. Some of these have been handed down through the centuries and are still practiced by their descendants—the gypsies.

Though crudely written and without proper dramatic construction on account of the writer's ignorance of story and play building those who have read and commented upon the second and subsequent revisions are evidently of the opinion that the features and events have been woven into connected historical romantic drama.

The continuity is secured by the evolution and reincarnation or symbolic man and woman themes, by the gypsies as descendants of the ancient Egyptians, by the connecting links of the development of brotherhood, faith and human liberty and they are also all woven together in the love story that can be viewed by all as typifying the love story of all the generations of people that have lived, are now living or will live on the earth. To those who care to do so, it may also be pictured as the romance of the souls or spirits of a man and woman linked together by love throughout the ages.

BROTHERS

or

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

A Sun Play On a New Phase of the World's History.

With a Herald or Voice proclaiming the connecting cycles linking the past, present and future as told in the stories.

Acts 1 and 2—Brothers of the past.

Acts 3 and 4—White Indians.

Acts 5, 6 and 7—Brotherhood.

Cast of Characters.

John, of the Stone age, Egyptian and present periods and the principal male figure in the World Liberty and Brotherhood Statue, to be presented to France by the United States	_____
Mary, of the Stone age, Egyptian and present periods and the principal female figure in the World Liberty and Brotherhood statue	_____
Joe, of the Stone age, Handerne of the Egyptian, and Joe Harris, of the present periods.....	_____
Vashoneta, of the Egyptian, and Nell Harris nee Armstrong (Gypsy Nell)	_____
Drummer, of Stone age and Egyptian period, gypsy violinist of the White Indians and at the front "somewhere in France"	_____
Lady Eloane in Egypt. The scribe's wife in the seashore scene	_____
Hugh Armstrong	_____
Mrs. Annie Armstrong	_____
Zanoke, Starlin, Sr.	_____
Starlin, Jr.	_____
Detective Hardan	_____
The Scribe	_____
Stone age men, Egyptians, Priests, Indians, Gypsies, Americans, soldiers of all nations at the front and the typical representative of every country in the group of the World Liberty and Brotherhood statue.	

Foreword.

The idea of showing the inception and foundation of brotherhood and human liberty developing into world freedom and international brotherhood is but putting into play and story the trend of world events and expressing in these forms the development of human thought on this phase of the history of man.

The stone age men getting their first ideas of co-operation in labor and achievement from the beavers, and their worship of the stone image as their first religious expression of their intuitive knowledge of deity and the picture carvings of these things on a stone, the first foundation of a brotherhood at the building of the great pyramid, priests selected from this brotherhood of architects and builders and the establishment of religion based upon a truer conception of the higher universal forces, utilizing the sun's heat by means of a sun glass to build the pyramid as a theory of the mystery of how its stones were welded together, using the knowledge of the principle of the construction of that sun glass and heat rays as the basis of the construction of a war engine in 1917, the association of liberty as a spiritual force with our progress and the world war and world democracy, all these connected through the medium of reincarnation or a symbolical man and woman, as you please, these are ideas crudely expressed—some hoary with age, some new so far as I am concerned, as I never read or heard of them, but they, too, have doubtless radiated to thousands of other units of universal intelligence.

Picture in your mind now that you are seated in a theater waiting to see the new play "Brothers!". Music composed for this play has prepared the way for its reception in the spirit desired. A herald makes the oration or the lights are all put out and out of the darkness comes a voice—a man speaking or a reproduction on a phonograph—proclaiming the following words or an improved revised version of them.

The Author.

ACT I.

Oration of Herald or Voice:—

"The play 'Brothers!' is composed of days and periods of the world's history during which the brotherhood of man had its inception and early development, and when the spirit of liberty, grown to majestic proportions, finally merged with the brotherhood principle realizing the attainment of world freedom and international brotherhood.

"In battles between the forces of light and darkness, the evolution of the human family, the building of the dam and the great pyramid, the growth of liberty and democracy will be pictured the development of mankind through the upbuilding of the brotherhood of man.

"Music and pleasure developed from the drummer and clown-like individual of the stone age is intended to illustrate the spirits of music and pleasure, gifts to earth's people for tonics, rejuvenators and weapons against the forces of darkness.

"The forces of darkness are shown in many forms like envy, superstition, idolatry, slavery, piracy, murder and despotism. Among the milestones on the way are the Sphinx, representing the dawn of light, the building of the great pyramid representing men striving for and recording achievement, liberty—its inception and growth as represented in American history and the proclamation of our great President Woodrow Wilson putting the United States into the world war as champion of World freedom and the international brotherhood of man.

"And now we will unroll the scroll of earth's time and go back far into the centuries of the past.

"BEHOLD! ACT I.

"The first dawn of the light."

BROTHERS, of the Past.

1.

My friend, Harold L. Winton, the noted Egyptologist, and I had been discussing his theory that there is nothing entirely new under the sun.

I asked the question, "Don't you think that the idea of an international brotherhood is new?"

"On the contrary" he replied "it is a development of probably seven thousand years. I have a remarkable document that I found with the two Egyptian mummies I have at home. I have told you how I found these mummies in my excavations at the pyramids. In the hands of the male I found a papyrus in a sealed stone tube.

"The translation of that wonderful ancient writing which was executed in the IV dynasty, about 3900 B. C., revealed some startling things. It shows that a brotherhood was then developed and planned to extend its principles and knowledge to other countries. That reincarnation was then believed in as it is by many learned people today and that great loves of men and women were a part of the early history even as they will occasionally be found in our modern history."

"It is also curious to say the least that the names of this man and woman translated are John and Mary, only the first names are given, because these names will be found in use throughout the intervening centuries."

Several days later when I had finished examining the original papyrus and Winton's translation of it I was delighted to receive a copy of the latter and my friend's permission to publish it.

The heading of the papyrus, part of the first paragraph and the equivalent of about eight paragraphs are not decipherable with the most powerful microscope.

There is one other entire section in the account of the second day or the story of one day of the writer's life in that wonderful Egyptian period

when the Sphinx and great Pyramid were built, which cannot be read. This is very much to be regretted because from it we could learn the construction of the powerful sun-glasses they used.

There is also considerable writing after John's story ends which was evidently done by another and it is reasonable to surmise that he was the one who embalmed, or caused John and Mary to be embalmed and sealed up the papyrus in the stone tube but unfortunately not a single word of this can be read.

Mr. Winton's translation of what he could read is as follows:

I am dying record

(Note—Here there is about eight paragraphs that cannot be read, then follows):

While I can still recall them clearly I want to set down those two days in our lives. The first came to me like a dream. I believe it is a day out of my life ages ago brought back to my present consciousness by the stone we found and my work on it lately an account of which I will set down later on.

Those scenes from the past begin at day-break. I saw before me a section of country. In the foreground was a small river and on the farther bank were many rocks which increased in size toward the right, the direction from which the river flowed, until they joined a mountain in the distance. In front beyond the river the ground rose in hills, the tops of which were covered with large trees. To the left stretched out like a triangle was a vast plain.

As I looked out over the plain the sun began to rise and I gazed enthralled at the most gorgeous sunrise I ever saw. Then as I looked about again I saw that all the country seemed strange, new and wild, and several miles away I saw a large body of savages or wild men. I concentrated my gaze upon them to study their appearance when suddenly I realized that I was among them, they were all about me and—I was one of them.

"A big lot of beaver make a big place to live," Joe was saying. He stood beside me and his talk was to me.

"Yes," I replied, and then I thought a little party of beaver would choose a smaller creek and make a little place to live, but a big lot of beaver can make a big dam like this.

The others of the tribe were looking at the dam and the beaver with a curious awe because the beaver was an animal that was not killed and eaten by us, it being regarded with a sort of superstitious reverence.

"See the fish in the creek; they all stop here; can't get over the dam," yelled one of the tribe. Joe and I with others ran down to look and there was a large number of small fish below the dam. We looked at them for awhile and this line of thought came to my mind: if a big lot of beaver can make a big dam and little fish are stopped from going up the creek, we, a big lot of men, could build a big dam across a big river over there and the big fish would be easy to get with our spears.

I told my plan to Joe and he said it was good. He called all the tribe and I told them my ideas. They all were pleased and we began our journey to the river with shouts and cries of joy.

We were a tribe of men with dark brown hair and blue eyes, tall and of slender build and not so hairy as many of the other tribes. We had a sort of Chief, an old man, very gray, who did not appear to try to exercise much authority but left us to do about as we pleased. We, however, looked to him for guidance and knowledge of our modes of life.

The Chief had a daughter named—the translated name could be called Mary—who was very beautiful and was held in a sort of idolized regard by all the tribe.

As the tribe started on its rush to the river the old Chief called me and he, Mary and I walked together.

Mary had greeted me with a smile and a deep look into my eyes that thrilled me and as we walked along I seemed to grasp the fact that I loved her with a love above that of the love of men and women of my people. It seemed to me that she was a part of something within me.

Made bold by my thoughts and Mary's glances at me but with fear of the result I took hold of her hand and gently squeezed it and her fingers closed over mine and gave me an answering squeeze. We walked thus hand in hand behind the Chief when suddenly he turned and saw us.

"How dare you!" he demanded of me. Then with a torrent of words I told him of my love for Mary and how that love seemed to be a part of me and how I would struggle to win a permanent home for her, for we were a migrating tribe in search of a land to settle in.

When I had finished the old Chief stood for a little while then turned and walked toward the tribe who had arrived at the river. Mary and I followed him in silence.

Before we reached the others the old Chief stopped and called Mary to him, to whom he spoke in low tones for quite a little while. Mary told him something in reply and then he called me and said:

"John, I will not be with you much longer for I am getting old. Your plan to build a dam over the river is wise and you have shown bravery in our battles. Your idea of a new greater love of man and woman is believed by Mary. She says she loves you like that, so the first new moon you shall take Mary to wife and when I am gone you shall be chief. I have spoken." He turned and strode away. We followed him and joined the others.

We sat to work at once to build a dam over the river and as there were many stones on the bank and a large number of our tribe we soon erected a rough, irregular dam high enough to raise the river above the dam a few feet.

Our scouts had previously selected this place for at least a temporary home for the tribe and we were on our way here when we had camped for the night on the banks of the creek near the beaver dam. The selection had been made chiefly on account of large caves in the limestone rock of the river banks which provided us a protection against animals and enemy tribes.

The largest cave in the rocks was above where we had built the dam and the bank of the river rose to a considerable height with a sheer wall except a narrow ledge which led down to the cave.

When the dam was completed some of us got spears and soon proved that the plan of a dam was a good one and a plentiful supply of fish was assured.

Starting a fire with flint stones we prepared a feast of fish.

The chief told the tribe that Mary and I would be wed on the night of the first new moon and that at his death I would be Chief.

The tribe cheered and chattered. Joe and several of my friends crowded around and expressed their pleasure for I seemed to be popular with the tribe.

Mary, sitting near her father, was the center of a bevy of girls and women that crowded about her.

One of the tribe had made a large drum out of the skin of a mountain goat by rubbing the hair off the skin with stones, drying it in the sun and then stretching it over a crude frame made of a sort of bamboo. He beat it with a stick that had a knot-like end.

We were proud of that drum and liked to dance to its tom-tom.

He got his drum and began drumming a song of the deeds of our tribe and the young men danced. There was no union in their dances but each danced to suit his fancy and each dance was a sort of story of the bravery and battles of the dancer and an expression of his pleasure in the new land and the coming wedding and new chief.

When this was finished one of the young men did a lot of grotesque

dancing and made grimaces and facial distortions, all of which caused much laughter among the tribe.

The chief stopped our merrymaking by calling attention to a few savages in the woods in the hills beyond and we gathered up our tools and packs and went along the edge in the bank to the cave and went to work with a will to honeycomb the walls of the big cave with passages connecting it with the small caves. For this work we used our stone implements. The irregular walls and crevices with the soft character of the stone after the outer crust was penetrated made this not such a difficult task and we made rapid progress.

The Chief sent some of the men to spear fish for the evening meal, several hunters came in with animals they had slain in the mountains and woods. Obtaining the Chief's permission Mary and I went to look over the country about us. Climbing back along the ledge we then walked up toward the mountain along the bank of the river passing over the cave. Near the top we stopped to examine a peculiar rock formation. It was almost circular in shape but was split in one place. Looking into the crevice which was too small to enter we saw what appeared like a small cave with a hole in the floor which seemed to be a continuation of the split in the rock. We could see nothing in the cave but could hear a sound like water lapping against a stone.

Beyond the circular rock a high point of rock rose up almost above our big cave in the bank above the river and we climbed up this and looked over the country about us. Up to this time our conversation was very commonplace and would not be interesting to anyone. In fact I have forgotten most of it, but now as we viewed the glorious panorama of nature all around us that higher feeling that I had experienced earlier in the day seemed to take hold of my mind again and I spoke in effect about as follows:

"Mary, I am very happy and very proud and I shall try hard to lead us into a life of much joy, for truly I feel that we are mates."

"I feel like that, too," said Mary, "except that it seems to me that we will not be wed when my father says but that it will be a long, very long time afterward, and so when I should be all joy I feel at times very sad."

I tried to comfort her and erase the sad feeling but though Mary smiled and was full of joy yet there was that sad look in her eyes that would not leave.

"Let us take a swim in the river," said Mary, and she ran back the way we came to the river. I soon overtook her and we raced side by side down along the banks and down to the dam. We dove into the water and swam up the river to a point under the cave. Here we caught hold of a projecting ledge of rock and rested. I playfully tried to catch hold of Mary's hair but she dove under the water but came up in a moment and cried to me, "Come here, John, there is a cave in the rocks under the water here and I saw a ledge of dry rock above the water in it." "All right," I said, "Come on." So we dove down and sure enough there was a cavern. The opening was but a few feet below the river level. We came up to the surface of a pool in a small cave. We climbed up on the ledge or floor of the cave and looked about.

The cave was wedge shaped, the large end of the wedge toward the river with a small hole like a piece broken off the bottom of the wedge which formed the opening into the river. The long end of the wedge ran back into the hill. The floor of the cave was almost level and was covered with what seemed like fine sand. Mary and I walked to the end of the wedge. The ceiling here was only a little higher than our heads but at the extreme end there was a chimney like crevice but it was very irregular. Far above we could see the light of day. "I believe the opening in the top is that crack in the round rock on top of the hill," said Mary.

"Well, it is a nice little cave and will make a fine hiding place if we ever need it," said I.

"Let us keep it a secret and make it our cave when we wed," pleaded

Mary. To this of course I agreed. "Now let us go back," she said. So we swam back to the dam and then sat on the bank below the dam watching our men spearing fish for the evening meal.

My attention was attracted to a peculiar shaped stone laying at the water's edge. I picked it up and found that it was roughly shaped like a lion crouching but the head was only a rough mass of rather soft stone.

Impelled by some force that I could not explain I got some stone implements left on the bank by one of the fishers and while Mary sat watching me, I chipped a sort of rough human face and head out of the top and when I had finished I had a rough and very crude shape like a lion's body with a human head.

As it was late in the afternoon and near the time for the evening meal, and the fishers had already gone to the cave, Mary said, "Come, John, we had better go." So we went and I carried the stone image with me.

Arriving at the cave I set the image on a ledge of projecting rock and we joined the others at the evening meal.

The Chief asked me to sit with him and Mary and after we finished eating he said to me, "John, you are not the only one of our tribe who was hoping to win Mary. Isca was in love with her and he has left us. I saw him going into the woods yonder and I fear he has become a traitor and intends to get revenge by leading our enemies against us."

"I never liked him and now I hate him," said Mary.

"Chief, this is bad news," I said. "I will take some men and go after Isca. We promised the Magda tribe that if we found a good land we would let them know. There are large caves above here and the Magdas are our friends and very strong, so I would like to keep on and bring the Magdas here. We would then be safe from attack."

"Well said, my son," said the old Chief; "take the men you want and leave tomorrow morning."

"Nay, Chief," I said, "it would be better if I left now because then I may overtake Isca where he camps tonight before he can get with the enemy. Let me take Joe and three others and leave now."

"Go, my son," said the Chief.

I turned to say farewell to Mary. That sad look that had haunted her eyes and face all day was now deeply outlined there, but before I could speak she said, "Kiss me and go; it is your duty. We will be mates some day and I will love you always."

I kissed her then and she tore herself out of my arms when I would have lingered and said, "See, John, the sun sets. It is time to go." I started away but at the entrance I turned and looked back. Mary lay upon the floor, her head pillowed on her arm sobbing, and then a cry caused me to look toward the other end of the cave. There was all my tribe staring toward the extreme end and just then they prostrated themselves. I looked to the end of the projecting ledge and there was the stone image I had set there but now it looked like burnished gold for the last rays of the setting sun fell full upon it.

Then a long time seems to have elapsed and I was an old man and lived in a cave at the top of the hill in the circular shaped rock. The crevice had been enlarged to make a door. The hole in the floor was covered with a thin slate like slab of rock and on this I was working, cutting pictures telling the story of the building of the dam and the dawn of the first mental light.

I was called the hermit or the lone man on the hill and treated with great consideration by the Magdas whose mighty tribe inhabited our old cave and the other large caves. The dam was still there but was broken down and had never been rebuilt as the Magdas ate very little fish, being a meat loving people.

As I worked away on the picture history on the stone once again as a thousand times before I lived over the tragedy of my life. Starting from the time of leaving the cave on the trail of Isca we five quickly picked up his tracks and being swift runners we had made the place where Isca had

met two of our enemies and the three had journeyed together. From here we proceeded with much caution until late at night we came to a large camp of the enemy. Forced to give up the idea of capturing Isca we found a safe spot, camped for the night and the next day pushed on toward the camp of the Magdas which we made in four days. We remained with them for several days until they got ready to move and on account of being a large tribe their move was necessarily much slower than our journey to them so it was about three weeks as we now measure time before I again saw our colony at the dam.

Running ahead of the others to greet my people and embrace my dear Mary I came upon a scene of horror that for many moons threatened to cost me my reason. Most of my tribesmen lay about dead, the rest with all the women and children had been carried into captivity.

Then I did naturally something that I regretted shortly afterwards for all the rest of my life. I persuaded the Magdas to give chase to our enemies believing that they were carrying Mary away with the other women and children. For two long moons we followed them and finally succeeded in engaging them in battle and defeating them, rescued my people and then learned that Mary was not with them when they were taken prisoners; one of them had seen her leap into the river and saw no more of her.

Then the cave with the entrance under the river flashed to my mind. I started back immediately alone braving all the dangers without thought of them but running for days until I fell exhausted, resting until I recovered, then on again until I reached the site of our colony. I plunged into the river, swam up stream and when under the big cave dove down to find a huge rock blocking up the entrance. I came up to the surface and looked up to see if I had missed the location and then I saw that the projecting rock on which I had placed the idol had broken off and fallen into the river and the enormous mass blocked up the entrance of the cave.

Later from the prisoners we captured and our rescued women I learned that the enemies had broken off the projecting ledge of rock when they had scrambled up there to examine the stone image I put there. Several of them were on the ledge when one picked up the image and jumped to the cave floor below. At this moment and before the others could get out of the way the huge mass of rock had broken off and fallen into the river. Whether those on the ledge when it fell were killed or escaped no one seemed to know.

But when I came out of the river at the dam after seeing the rock over the lower cave entrance I knew nothing for many weeks. My friend Joe and the three who had gone on the journey to the Magdas with me found me on the bank of the river and nursed me back to life.

A long time afterward I made my cave in the circular rock at the top of the hill and then looking at the hole in the floor, the chimney-like crevice that Mary and I saw occurred to me. With feverish haste I worked my way down the hole until I reached the floor of the cave and there I found her—dead.

I left her body there in the cave we had planned to make our honeymoon home and lived in the cave on the top of the hill over the hole. Between the two I and my friends placed the slab of rock on which I am making the pictures and every little while I move the slab and go to the resting place of my Mary where she sleeps looking almost lifelike for her limestone tomb has petrified her body. These things I did not understand then but now as I live them over I know the cause and effect—the scene is shut out of my view—and I awoke.

ACT II.

Oration of the Herald or Voice:—

"Brothers!

"Dreams, symbols and mystical drama are strangely interwoven in the history of man. In this act we shall see a day in Ancient Egypt. At this stage of man's earth life wonderful monuments were erected—the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid, emblems of the beacons of light which gathering some force here flashed on down through many centuries.

"The part of the people who were seeking knowledge had advanced from idol worshippers to and founded a worship of the sun called by them Re as a visible beneficent god typifying the good principle furnishing light and heat to the world. Centuries later the Sun God and his supposed son by a union with the earth, Mithras, was the God of millions of people—Egyptians, Persians and Hindus. The Parsees of India, fire worshippers of today, and the Gypsies are direct descendents of these people.

"They had made from rock an enormous male figure, 189 feet in length, of a recumbent lion's body and human head. This was a statue to Re and was later named Harmachias. It faces directly east toward the rising sun."

The Ancient Egyptians and many succeeding generations have passed away and where these people dwelt is now a sand swept desert, but throughout all the changes and now in silent grandeur stands this statue now known as the Sphinx.

Cheop's pyramid now called the great pyramid Giza, covers over thirteen acres of ground, and it is almost three times as large and is fifty feet higher than St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome. Notwithstanding its enormous size the four sides of the base at this time have a mean error of only about six-tenths of an inch in length and it is only twelve seconds in angle from a perfect square.

"The objects that led up to its erection while first suggested in connection with the provision of a fitting tomb for the Pharaoh Cheops or Khufu and his Queen was developed by that wise and good ruler into the idea of a lasting monument to the greatness and achievements being wrought by his people. It was also intended to provide chambers or a temple for rites of the priests of the sun as Khufu had closed the temples of the idols and proclaimed the true worship to be that of Re (the Sun). A priesthood had long before been created as a development of the medicine man or conjurers of the tribes into priests of the idol worshippers and from that it was but a natural step to the establishment of the priesthood in the sun worship.

"And in addition the Architects and Builders who were the most intelligent and learned of all the people, and from whom Khufu had selected the priests of the sun, needed a place to house, safeguard and preserve the secrets and knowledge of the art of architecture and building which at that time and for many centuries later were held as secrets by the craftsmen. The knowledge they had then attained is partly preserved to this day in the location, structure and the picture and hieroglyphic carvings on the walls of the pyramid. This pyramid is in reality the first book of history. When the present earth's people shall have learned to read all of that history what a wondrous tale it will unfold to them.

"But some of their knowledge perished with the architects and builders who were destroyed in a battle on the day you shall see presented. Among their achievements was the invention of the first sun-glass. By observing and studying nature they had discovered that heat from volcanic action created stones and would weld stones together. So they invented an enormous sun-glass and a means of storing the sun rays heat, a powerful blast furnace that used this heat to melt sand, making stones, and to weld the stones from which the pyramids were built into solid masses."

Pharaoh Khufu named the day you shall see as a day of public celebra-

tion of the completing of the pyramid, but several days before news of the approach of an enormous horde of savages came and Pharoah led his armies forth to give them battle, as he had not countermanded the order for the celebration it was held and the daughter of Pharoah presided over the festivities. She, the daughter of the king in this incarnation, was the soul-mate Mary of the man John in our story."

"Only a few last touches were needed to complete the pyramid and these were added during the day of celebration, so at sunrise we see the public ceremony of sacrificing a bull, a symbol of lower nature being conquered.

"BEHOLD! ACT II.

"Time—The IV Dynasty, 3900 years before Christ."

II.

Later when the gray dawn of the day in this life came in the east I saw a vast gathering of people, thousands of women and children and several hundred men. In the foreground was a party of about a hundred men all dressed in white with white turbans except my turban had a purple band and over my shoulders was a cape with purple bands. On the right of this group was a small dias on which was a large square high back chair and on either end of the top of the chair was the figure of a lion and the names of Princess Mary, a daughter of Khufu, Pharoah of Kemi (native name of Egypt). The Princess Mary sat upon this chair, dressed in a gown of pure white, her ankles and feet bare. She wore a necklace of a variety of precious stones and around her forehead and hair was a gold band.

I looked at the shrine between the paws of Ra (now called the Sphinx) on which stood an enormous live bull which the priests had placed there before daylight. He was held there by the simple device of fastening his feet to the ends of a stone slab that lay upon the altar. The High Priest gave the signal by extending his hand and arm and one of his four assistants, a powerfully built young man, picked up a spear that had lain on the floor in front of the altar and drove it into the breast of the bull. The spear must have penetrated the heart, for with only one bel-low he crumpled down dead. The third Priest seemed but to place his hand on the edge of the stone slab and instantly there flashed up a pillar of fire that enveloped the bull.

To most of the assemblage the pillar of flame without the wood pile that had heretofore been used in burning a sacrifice was a miracle and they gazed at it with wonder and awe. I and my brothers about me knew that the slab of rock which held the bull was hollowed out and filled with oil. One of the priests stood behind the altar now and sprayed more oil on the fire with a large hand-bellows made with wooden handles and top and bottom and sides of animal skin with a long stone nozzle. The oil was taken into the bellows from a large-barrel shaped vessel by the suction caused by opening the bellows and forced out in a stream or spray by closing. The oil had been set on fire from a flame in a small brazier in the hands of the priest.

Now the four assistant priests took stations at each corner of the Shrine, the High Priest maintaining his position in front of the altar. but he now turned toward the sun and as the full orb became visible he extended his arms toward it, the other priests and the people extended their arms in like manner and we all maintained that position for a little while then resumed our normal position. This was the silent prayer, an innovation, and like that of the oil fire, introduced for the first time on this occasion.

The High Priest now signified our dismissal by a wave of his hands so that this ceremony of sacrifice with the exception of the death cry of the bull, was held in silence.

The people were deeply impressed and did not speak as they quietly dispersed.

My companions, the men dressed in white with the turbans, with rolls like a scroll at the back, and I are the Architects and Builders of the Great Pyramid. They now walk toward the pyramid as we are to hold a meeting there in one hour after the sun rises and I hasten to the raised platform where the Princess sits. Approaching to within about twenty feet of the platform I stopped and kneeling upon one knee with bowed head as is the regular custom I await the pleasure of the Princess Mary, who in the absence of Pharoah is invested with the rights and powers of a Queen.

"Approach most noble Wise Chief John for I would have speech with you," said Princess Mary extending the sceptre in her right hand.

I arose and walked to the platform where I stood, and now I looked at Princess Mary and my being thrilled with joy for I dared to love her and I loved her sincerely, devotedly, with all my heart. She is a beautiful girl nineteen years of age, tall, slender, but well formed, with dark hair, olive complexion and wonderful blue eyes.

Princess Mary's face flushed and roses appeared in her cheeks and I thought I wonder if she knows I love her and returns it, and then I chided myself with the thought, "No, you love-mad fool, you are not eligible to marry her and why should she care for you." Princess Mary said, "I sent the messenger yesterday to bid you attend here this morning after the services because I wish you to show me the pyramid and explain its construction to me. There are some parts of it that I have not yet seen and now that it is about completed I want to inspect it thoroughly. Pharoah had promised to take me with him on the tour of inspection and in his absence I shall go with you."

"Gracious Princess," said I, "I shall do your bidding with much joy. Your visit of inspection will be an honor that I and my brothers will appreciate and will consider a reward far in excess of the value of our poor services."

"I will come to the pyramid entrance immediately after the dance," said the Princess; "meet me there, you may go." And with my head in the clouds and my brain in a whirl I went to the meeting with my brother Architects and Builders in the Pyramid.

The only visible entrance was on the north side of the pyramid and was reached by ascending an inclined plane. Inside the entrance was a large oblong shaped chamber, at the west side of which was the door to the long descending passage; from this descending passage was a cross passage running to the Queen's chamber. The ascending and cross passage were closed by plugging blocks which concealed the opening of the ascending passage where it branched upward out of the roof of the long descending passage and the point in the side of the ascending passage where the entrance was to the cross passage. On the ground level and at the eastern side of the building was the main chamber of the Architects and Builders. This was reached by another passage in the roof of the descending passage below that of the king's passage. Next to the main Architects' chamber there were other rooms but the purposes and objects of these I do not feel at liberty to describe. At the bottom of the descending passage was the chamber intended for the inner temple of the priests of Re. This was not completed and it was destined never to be finished.

I was late and found all my brothers seated quietly waiting for me. Our former Wise Chief Hardad, who was the principal Architect of the pyramid, had died a little more than two years before this time and, much to my surprise then and since, when I think of it in view of my age, as I was then only twenty-four years old, I had been selected as Wise Chief. I had been deeply interested in the sun ray welder and made a number of improvements to it which facilitated our work and to this and the general knowledge of architecture I had acquired, a cheerful personality and the favor of the former Wise Chief I attribute the high honor my Brother Architects and Builders had conferred upon me.

I greeted the brothers and immediately began an address telling them

of the proposed visit of Princess Mary and then I referred to the stone slab which lay on the table before us that had been found in a cave and sent to us and to our agreement that the picture writing told of the men of an age a thousand years ago, having watched beavers build a dam, had conceived the idea and united in building a dam. The pictures of fishing with a spear following indicated that was the object desired. Then the pictures showed the destruction of most of the tribe. Added to this was a picture of a crude resemblance to the shape of our Ra (the Sphinx).

Continuing I recounted how we had decided to cut on this stone in hieroglyphics an account of the establishment of the worship of Re (the Sun) and the building of the pyramid and I concluded with the statement that I had now completed this and that the stone should be placed temporarily in the outer chamber so that it might be viewed by the Nobles and Ladies of the land.

I told them of the material we needed to complete the lower chamber according to our plans and selected six of the brothers to go to the foreign countries and procure these things. I directed these brothers to start on their journey at once, and after selecting several of the brothers to assist me in finishing some work at the entrance with the sun ray welder I closed the address and the meeting.

The six brothers selected to procure materials bid us good bye and left on their missions. These men, who were builders and not of the architect class, were destined to be the sole survivors of our organization of Architects and Builders, the evolution of that work for many years during which time some marvelous architectural achievements were accomplished, two of them I believe will be world wonders to the end of time.

Before beginning the preparations for the completion of the entrance I went out to examine the sun-glass, heat ray storage plant and welder, the construction and improvement of which always had a fascination for me and as it may be of interest to those who may later read this I will pause to describe its construction.

In quarrying stone for the pyramid they began at the top of a small hill of solid rock near the site selected for the pyramid and had cut down a large oblong section to a depth of about one hundred and fifty feet when they discovered the top of a large cave. It was oval in shape like an egg standing on end with the smallest end on top. It was at the top that they had cut through; there had been a crevice in the rock there. Blasts of hot air came from the cave at first but after a day or two they were able to discover that it was very deep and at the bottom was a seething mass of mud or lava as doubtless this had once been a small volcano-like vent for the earth's heat.

Now our former Chief Architect Hardadf had conceived an idea of utilizing heat to facilitate the erection of the pyramid. Our order had made a study of volcanic actions and in experiments had discovered how to make glass. While studying this glass composition Chief Hardadf discovered the heat resulting from a concentration of the sun rays through glass. He then made a small crude sun-glass and began experimenting to store heat. Communicating his discoveries to the Order they were giving it much thought when the cave was discovered and the idea of utilizing it was evolved.

They left a heavy roof over the cave and cut away the rock near one side leaving a wall over fifty feet in thickness at the thinnest point. When this part was completed they had an oblong chamber in the side of the hill alongside the cave. At its depth the chamber bottom was just a little above the center of the height of the cave. It was also just above the level of the site of the pyramid. They bored a descending passage at a forty degree angle through the wall to the cave.

In this chamber next to the cave, after cutting down the side walls to sloping angles, they erected a powerful sun-glass with polished copper mirror reflectors. The details of the construction . . .

(Note:—Here is a section of the papyrus that cannot be read.)

The sun-glass was constructed so that the heat rays of the sun upon it any hour of the day were caught, transferred and stored in the cave.

Our order knew that a mass of lava will take many years to cool off. In fact we knew of some that had retained its heat for over twenty years. Because of its properties for retaining heat we decided to fill the cave partly full of lava and after much effort we succeeded in securing and transporting to the cave enough to fill it almost half full. When this was finished we closed up the opening to the cave at the top leaving two holes. First, however, we rigged inside the top a slab of asbestos-like stone so that it would close off one of the holes when the other was open. This was rigged with a lever so that it could be moved to close either hole thereby opening the other and this lever was operated by a crude block and tackle arrangement so that the holes could be opened and closed from a station at the base of the rock which was nearly on a ground level with the base of the pyramid.

From one of the holes at the top of the cave we built a conduit which ran down the side of the hill to the site of the pyramid and around it. This was made of the heat resisting stone already spoken of. On each side of the pyramid was a station in the conduit that contained a huge damper in the main pipe. To this station was attached a long flexible pipe made of a compound of which the asbestos rock formed the larger part.

The various parts of the sun-glass were arranged with such precision of location and reflection that the sun rays were cast directly through the hole at the side of the cave on to the lava mass in it.

Inside the cave now that enormous mass of lava was sending forth waves of terrific heat which escaped out of the hole in the top except when the welder was in use when we closed the escape hole and opened the other. The day previous I had noticed that either the enormous heat or the recent earthquake shock had caused a crack near the top and I was anxious to examine it today. I found that the crack has opened enough to leave a little heat escape and it looked as though it might widen at any time so I sent a workman to cover the sun-glass with the idea of shutting off the source of some of the heat and allowing the lava to cool off enough to enable us to examine the crack and repair the damage.

The people were gathering for the dance of joy and thanksgiving which was to be held in front of the entrance to the pyramid so I went there and entered the outer chamber where I awaited my brothers and the hour of noon.

One of my servants announced that a runner or messenger wished to deliver a message.

"Bid him come here," I told the servant, and while I awaited his appearance I wondered if it could be a message from the Princess Mary and feared that she had decided to postpone her visit to the pyramid until Pharoah's return.

Then I saw the runner coming and noted that by his appearance he had evidently come a long ways and seemed almost exhausted. Stopping about ten feet from me he extended his right hand and bowed low and then speaking with difficulty said, "Most Noble Wise Chief, last evening Pharoah sent me with a message to Princess Mary to inform her that our great army was then four days march away and that our scouts reported the savages were retreating. Our column was seen to take the canyon route in the hills and Pharoah directed that Princess Mary instruct Cedrac, Chief of the armies now here, to lead all the available forces into the north pass to intercept the enemy and drive them back."

"Princess Mary sent a messenger to Chief Cedrac and then ordered me to come to you and telling you of Pharoah's command to add that she bid you order any of the soldier workmen, who were now at work or in the pyramid, to report to Chief Cedrac at once."

"Very good but tarry," I said, and then I gave orders to servants to go to all parts of the pyramid and tell the soldier workmen that the Princess ordered their immediate report to Chief Cedrac for duty. "Now messenger,

how fares it with our army; have they battled with the savages yet?"

"No," the messenger replied, "we had not seen anything but the backs of the enemy in the distance up to the time I left and I don't think they will," and he smiled.

I do not like that man's face or manner, I thought, as I dismissed him. From that moment I had a presentiment of some impending evil, although I then attributed the feeling to my concern over the crack in the sun-ray storage cave walls. Later when the revolution broke forth the Princess and I realized that Pharoah had been tricked into the expedition against the savages and that the messenger had not been sent by Pharoah, but that it was all the carefully concocted scheme of the priests of the idols.

III.

Chadras, one of the architects, came to my side and said, "Wise Chief, all is now ready for you to set the last stone in the doorway which finishes all the outer part of the temple and in fact all of it above ground. The workmen have finished removing the rubbish. It is now but thirty minutes to noon; we can set the stone in twenty minutes. Princess Mary is now approaching and the preparations are complete."

"Coming," I said and arose and walked toward the entrance with Chadras.

"What surprises me," he said, "is the relatively few people there are here, allowing for the main army and the troops that Chief Cedrac is assembling I think there should be three times as many people here. The people were in the city this morning, thousands are here from all over the land. It is too bad that Pharoah did not order a postponement or that Princess Mary did not do so."

"Seeking the applaudits of the people," I laughingly replied. "Perhaps many of them prefer to watch Cedrac's troops departing. We can celebrate the event just as well and this is the proper time, and as you know I did not favor delay because I do not believe in postponements if they can be prevented, so my brother, let us enter into our part with right good will. Perhaps Pharoah will order a repetition when he returns and you will then have all the glory you want."

We arrived at the entrance and I looked out. There was only ten or twelve thousand people there but I had time for a glance only as I noted Princess Mary was seated on the State Chair and all eyes were centered on us, so I proceeded with our part of the programme and spreading a kind of cement or mortar directed the stone being lifted, which was done with cranes with a double block and tackle and then with the assistance of eight of the brothers I lifted the sun-ray welder, signaled the men to operate the lever that moved the stone at the top of our man-made volcano and the heat blast welded the mortar into the rough surface of the stone until it resembled one solid mass. Indeed the entire exterior of the building which was now completed looked as though it had been cut out of a stone mountain.

Our part of the ceremony being finished we took seats on a row of chairs with our backs to the pyramid. The High Priest and his assistants took their stations in the center of the stage that had been assigned for the dance and signaled the dance to begin.

Vashoneta, Virgin of the Sun, now came before the High Priests, and first raising her eyes and hands to the sun for a moment she began a dance that told, in a pantomime of beauty and grace, our history and progress during the reign of Pharoah Khufu. In the absence of Pharoah the dancer indicated him as represented by the Princess. I wish I could describe that dance in detail but my knowledge of dancing is decidedly limited.

Vashoneta wore only a tunic and a filmy drapery, her legs, arms and shoulders were bare, her long black hair hung down nearly to her knees when it was not flying about in the maze of the dance. She was a very beautiful, well-developed brown skinned girl and on this occasion wore no

ornaments or colors of any sort as both her tunic and drapery were pure white. When time in its natural way shall have dimmed the memory of much of that day next to Princess Mary's face and form and her every word and look I believe I shall retain longest a picture of Vashoneta's dance—it made so strong an appeal to my love for beautiful art.

At the conclusion of her individual dance Vashoneta moved in spiral whirls to a large circle and then paused while three hundred and sixty-four dancers joined her and forming a circle began a dance continuing this circular formation intended to represent joy and thanksgiving throughout the year, each dancer representing one day of the year.

During the circular dance I looked about and by chance my eyes rested upon the drummer who, with the other musicians, was furnishing the music and I stared at him wondering who it was that I knew that he looked like but I could not remember, so I finally gave it up and turned to look at Princess Mary. But thinking of this now I recall a curious something that I shall offer no explanation for, i. e. the drummer of the stone age and the drummer of the pyramid dance did not look the same yet they were like a man made up in two parts.

For some time I had been watching Princess Mary and was reveling in an elysium of delight and day dreaming when Handerne, the oldest and most learned of our order, who sat at my right, touched me on the arm and in low tones said, "Wise Chief, you will pardon an old man, because a friend and brother, for some warning words. You are allowing a vain love to run away with your usual good sense and a loss of sense in this case means a loss of your head."

"Well said, and I thank you," I replied. "I must be a fool indeed if my face tells my foolish fancies. I shall make no dishonest pretense with you, my brother, I am mad and I hope the Princess has not observed my folly for she would be very angry."

"No you need not fear the anger of the Princess."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Just what is plain to any observer but what in your state of mind you cannot see. That is, that if the Princess was not the daughter of Pharoah she would be joyful over the prospect of being your wife, young man," answered Handerne, "but as you know that cannot be."

"You think—you actually mean to say that she likes—loves me?" I questioned.

"Yes, we are quite sure of it," he answered.

"The others, they know and think so, too?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "brother, we understand and will sympathize with you when you begin to tear down the air castles you are allowing your fancy to build now. You must know that whatsoever we say or do in this matter is solely in your interest and will pardon the suggestion I am requested to make to you by the brothers. Listen, brother, since the stars foretell much building in other countries and especially that some wonders will be erected at Babylon, which is now but a little place, and our Order has selected me for the honor of a journey in that land with the idea of laying the foundation of establishing a branch of our Order of Architects and Builders there, why not take my place, John; a year or two away from here will make it much easier for you."

"Brother Handerne, I am deeply grateful to the brothers and especially you. I will think it over but I will not take your place though I may decide to accompany you. As I have an appointment to conduct the Princess through the pyramid and the dance is over, while the people feast let us join them for a few moments as I see that the Princess and the ladies of her court are now doing. Come with me," I said, and turning to the others I invited all to join us so we marched over in a body and partook of some refreshments.

I returned alone to the entrance of the pyramid and there a little later I met Princess Mary and Lady Eloane; the latter was the sister of one of

our architects and the wife of a Noble of the land, and in addition to being a charming lady was a very good friend of mine. I wonder if her brother and the order had anything to do with Lady Eloane's being Princess Mary's companion on this occasion, figuring out that I might let my great love for the Princess trick me into some speech that would be unfortunate or even dangerous for me. If so and they enlisted the Lady Eloane as their ally they lost sight of a characteristic feminine trait that makes a match maker instead of breaker out of every happy woman under forty years of age and perhaps much older with the majority of them. Then, too, perhaps our friendship was a factor, at any rate as you shall hear, Lady Eloane deserted if indeed she was an ally of my architect brothers.

After the proscribed salutation required by court etiquette of the day Princess Mary's first words gave me a feeling of great ease and perhaps did much to lower the barrier between us.

"Greeting, Wise Chief, and now you may dispense with the court ceremonies and treat me just as you would if I were Lady Eloane's sister," she said.

I had the good sense and taste to express my appreciation with simple thanks and then I greeted Lady Eloane whom I liked very much, "So glad to see you, Eloane. This is an added pleasure to the great honor bestowed on me today," and I bowed to Princess Mary.

"I suppose I shall be obliged to continually remind you that I have a fancy to be treated as a visiting lady and not as a ruler today," said the Princess to me laughingly.

"He is usually a rather nice boy and may be counted upon to comprehend some things and render obedience after he has been told two or three times," said Lady Eloane, "but of course his head has been turned by the celebration today, Princess, so you will please be patient with him, I trust."

"I plead guilty to not being entirely accountable for my actions today," I said and then I wondered at the merry twinkle in Eloane's eyes.

"The ceremonies were very impressive," said the Princess, "and the dancing of Vashoneta was truly wonderful; did you not think it beautiful?" she asked me.

I launched into an enthusiastic description of Vashoneta's beauty and her dancing, and at its conclusion I noticed by Princess Mary's expression that she had lost interest in the dancing and was looking at the figures and hieroglyphics on the wall.

When I had finished the Princess walked over and examined the wall and I took advantage of this to whisper, "Eloane, what slip did my fool tongue make, or do I but imagine that my raving over Vashoneta did not please the Princess. Come, my friend, please tell me."

But she would only laugh quietly and as she passed me whispered, "poor boy."

I followed and joined them and for some minutes we walked quietly about while the ladies read symbols and writing. They were soon some fifty feet apart and I kept close to the Princess.

"This account of how my father upon becoming Pharaoh closed all the temples of the Idols and proclaimed Re, the true god is well done," said the Princess, "it will tell all the future peoples of the world of that noble and daring act as well as his other great achievements and it was daring for he has told me that he greatly feared a revolution for a time but by firmness and vigilance that danger was averted and the people are now happy and converted to the change and that brings me to a question that I have longed to ask you. Tell me truly in confidence and with the assurance that your answer is for my ears only, do you and the members of the Order of Architects believe that Re is the true god, or have you in your wisdom and searching after knowledge found another god? Answer me on your honor because I want to know just what you and the learned ones really believe."

"Know then, oh, Princess, that we believe the adoption of the worship of Re was a tremendous advance in the progress of the most intelligent and

learned of the people on earth. We are of the opinion that the worship of Re will extend and develop into a religion of a large part of the earth's people and will probably last for many centuries. We honor and revere the great Pharoah Khufu far more for his action in closing the temples of the Idols and establishing what he believes to be a worship of the true god than we do for his part in the creation of this building.

"The Idols while they in a sense represent the people's intuitive realization of a God or higher force that directs their lives are but man-made and very crude representations of religious thought and for that purpose Re is vastly superior as a visible and beneficent expression of Deity and a much nearer and better symbol of the truth. We know that Re is in reality a large globe of fire, probably of a consistency like unto lava in our cave furnace, it is in truth an agent or creation of God placed there for the benefit of this earth as are also the stars and moon who serve us in a minor degree but we who have sought truth have come to believe that beyond all this there is a great spirit God."

"How grand and glorious and your words create for me a perfectly clear conception of what I have vaguely felt and thought many times," said the Princess, "but Lady Eloane approaches and there is much that I would like to see."

"Allow me to suggest that we go first to view the death chamber prepared for the illustrious Pharoah and then the Queen's chamber below it," I said.

The Princess hesitated, seemed lost in thought for a few moments, then she said, "Nay, you know I saw them with Pharoah and the Queen a short time ago and besides I am in no mood today to see chambers prepared to receive my parents when they are dead. Let us view the rooms that have been completed recently and the secret treasure chamber, also such of the rooms assigned to your Order of the Architects and Builders as you wish to let us see, and though I shall of course be curious concerning what may be in secret chambers that you do not show us I well know Pharoah's orders that none may enter the chambers set apart for the wise ones unless invited to do so by them."

We then passed into the descending passage and at the second upper passage went in there to the main chamber and also viewed some of the work rooms of the Architects.

Having completed their inspection we went down the descending passage to a point where a cross passage led to the chamber that was reserved for the historical relics of our people.

"How much you have to interest you," remarked the Princess addressing me. "You must always be satisfied and happy in your grand work."

"All these things I do have and enjoy and much honor has been thrust upon me by my brothers that I do not feel I have earned," said I, "but of a truth I am not happy now because I long for something that is unattainable."

"Oh I see," said the Princess. "Let us now view the secret treasure chamber."

"I crave pardon, Princess, but we cannot visit it today."

"Why not?" she demanded.

"It is Pharoah's edict that none may enter there but the royal family, the treasurer and myself, and therefore we cannot do so today because I dare not admit the Lady Eloane," said I.

"Lady Eloane understands that order and will not feel wounded because of it, and she will also not notice that the Princess has broken a Court rule in choosing to go alone with the Wise Chief to see the treasures of the kingdom for today I feel that I really have but very little."

"Why, dear Princess," said Lady Eloane, "you have everything your father is the great Pharoah; you have wealth and the homage of the people; you have youth and beauty, and in the natural course of events you will one day rule in your father's stead. You are the great Princess of all this land."

"I wish I were not the Princess but could take the place of some other girl," was the surprising statement of the Princess, and she turned and walked toward the entrance."

Eloane looked at me with a curious smile and said, "I am very much interested in these relics of the first and second dynasty; please send a message or call for me when you return from the treasure chamber."

"I looked back at her when I had reached the side of the Princess and she was standing in the same spot looking after us with a face that beamed with a tender smile. "Lucky Lady Eloane, how happy in your love!" I thought and followed after the Princess.

"Lead, please, and I will follow you," requested the Princess when we had reached the point in the passage to the treasure chamber and I obeyed—neither of us spoke again until we entered the chamber and until after the Princess had examined some rare jewels.

"Wise Chief John, perhaps the barrier to the attainment of your longing can be removed," said the Princess.

I stared at her in amazement, dumbfounded, speechless, and then with flushed face and eyes that seemed unnaturally bright she went on to say, "I know that the priests' orders have created her a virgin of Re and she cannot marry unless this order is revoked, but perhaps I can persuade Pharaoh as a reward for your services, to cause the priests to substitute another, although I know he will be loath to take a hand in the matter even for me."

"Why I—I," I stammered, "do not understand what you mean."

"You love Vashoneta," said she. "You may confess to me and I will do all I can to help you.

"Love Vashoneta," I cried. "Indeed I do not love—" and I paused in alarm and confusion.

"Then if it is not Vashoneta who is the fortunate fair one," the Princess asked and she seemed agitated and surprised.

"I dare not tell you," I replied. "Please forgive and pardon me and forget my foolish words."

Why not tell me. Your secret will be safe and perhaps I can help you," questioned the Princess. "Who can the lady be aside from Vashoneta who is unattainable for you. The order of Nobility conferred upon you by Pharaoh renders you an eligible suitor for any of them. Is it possible that the reason for the nonattainment of your desire is the lady's husband?"

"No, No!" I replied. "The lady is not married."

"Have you told her of your love?" Princess Mary asked and she seemed to await my answer with breathless interest.

"No," I replied, "I dare not."

"I do not believe that in all Kemi there could be found an unmarried lady except perhaps Vashoneta who would not be pleased to know that a man like you loved her even if she did not love him," said the Princess. But it would do no good for me to tell her and I dare not risk her displeasure, yes, even more than that, my chance of the happiness of occasionally basking in the sunshine of her present," I cried out.

"I am much surprised to hear that you are a self-confessed coward and afraid of a woman at that," said she. "How do you know she does not return your affection?"

"It is not possible," I said miserably.

"Why not dare the issue and find out," demanded the Princess.

My emotions surged within me and then I grew more calm. The Princess's eyes held mine and then I answered her, "Very well, I shall do so. I am mad but I do not care now. Weighed against my love, my future career and the life that I must lose because of my love are as nothing. Behold, I lay them at your feet. I love you. I should be on my knees or groveling at your feet for mercy, but I care nothing for the fact that you are Princess of this land, therefore unattainable to me, or that as such Princess I am your subject and loyal servant. I tell you now just man to woman

that I love you. Do you hear? I love you and when I am on the rack or called upon to die or am rotting in prison for daring to speak thus to you do you think I will be sorrowing or regretting then? No, no, a thousand times no! because through it all my heart will be saying I told her, I TOLD HER that I love her, that I love her, not as Princess but as woman I now address you, Mary, Mary, I love you." I ceased and waited for the words that would begin my punishment.

I stood with bowed head, not daring to look at the Princess, until I heard her sobbing softly. I turned and falling on my knees I implored her to forgive me.

"What for?" she asked, ceasing her sobbing.

"For causing you sorrow and tears," I replied.

"And you are not sorry for your words?" she asked.

"No," I replied leaping to my feet, "once more I must say it, 'Mary, I love you.' Now order my punishment, Princess."

"Princess! I don't want to be Princess now," was the words I heard with astonishment.

"Mary, you cannot mean?" I cried.

She raised her beautiful head and her eyes sought mine and then did she whisper it or was it her soul that spoke to mine and said, "I love you, John."

I folded her in my arms and rained kisses on her hair, her eyes, her cheeks, and then our lips clung in long ecstatic kisses during which our hearts and souls seemed to twine and mingle.

We lost all track of time; what words we spoke belong to us alone. How long we remained there I do not know and how much longer we would have stayed it is of course impossible to say, but about the only thing that could have brought me back to earth and indeed the only sound that would in all likelihood have penetrated to the treasure chamber came now in a faint continuous ringing of the alarm gong in the architects' meeting room.

We had installed a huge copper gong to serve as an alarm if danger threatened at any time, such as the invasion of savage tribes, and since its trial some months before this the gong had not been sounded. In fact we had agreed that it would only be used as a warning of danger.

"What is it?" asked Mary.

"The alarm gong is sounding," I replied, "as it is only to be used in case of danger or invasion there must be something serious the matter. Come, dear, I must go; duty demands my attention to that alarm." I kissed her and said, "I will take you to Lady Eloane," and putting my arm about her I led her out of that treasure room where I had found the greatest treasure of life. We came upon Lady Eloane with several of the Architects in the main passage. They were evidently much excited and it developed they were debating how to get word to me in the treasure chamber as they did not know the sound of the alarm gong would penetrate there.

Zanoke, one of the Brothers, cried out as soon as he saw me: "There is a revolution. The priests of the Idols are leading many of the people in a revolution against the worship of Re and Pharoah Khufu. The loyal people are fleeing to the Pyramid and calling upon the Princess; the Priests of Re and us to protect them and the idol priests, and their followers are coming this way to attack us."

"There must be some mistake," said Mary, now the Princess again in manner and bearing, "the people cannot be in revolution against the wise and good rule of the Pharoah. Why should any of them revolt. How can any of them still have any regard for their stone and wooden idols and the priests of that dead savage form of worship?"

"I regret to say that I fear it is in truth a revolution. The Priests of the Idols have never given up hope of restoring their power. It looks now as if they had seized upon this occasion when our armies are away to try to separate the people, for secretly many of them have still continued to worship the Idols."

"Zanoke," I continued, "do you and such of the Brothers as you need to help you see that all the women and children get into the underground chambers and main passage," and wheeling about I ran to the main chamber where I found a crowd of thoroughly frightened people and many coming in the entrance. I directed several of the Brothers to take a number of men and go into the armory chamber and bring forth spears and battle axes.

Then, like a flash, an inspiration came to me to use the ray welder to defend the entrance.

IV.

At the brow of a small plateau just on the outskirts of the city was the temporary home of the Priests of Re. Here also dwelt Vashoneta with her mother and father who was one of the priests. After finishing the dance Vashoneta very much fatigued, had rested for awhile and then went to her home.

It was doubtless with the idea of vengeance and perhaps the effect upon their fanatical followers that must have caused the Idol priests to lead or direct an attack upon the home of the Priests of Re.

They also in all probability knew that the Priests still remained with the people at the pyramid feasting and that Vashoneta had gone back home and only her mother and a few servants were there. At any rate their first act was to lay waste the home of the Priests of Re and murder all the people there.

Leaving the scene of this crime the Idol Priests with thousands of their followers marched forth to capture the pyramid.

On the way through the city they entered the homes of many of the Re worshippers and slew all those who had remained home or who had returned early from the ceremonies.

Some of our people instead of following the main body into the pyramid scattered about, running for various places of supposed safety and, as the revolutionists came on we saw them slay many of these.

All those who came to the pyramid succeeded finally in entering, and the brothers and I waited for the attack. I had explained my idea of using the sun ray welder for our defense and we were for a few moments exultant over our belief that we could successfully defend the entrance until Cedric's return and then one of the brothers cried out words that caused us to realize what a horrible task was before us.

"Must we kill our own people? Let me go out and reason with them and tell them how we have the power to kill them; but all we want is that they disband, return to their homes so that all of us can continue to live in peace."

There were many words of approval of this course from a goodly number of the brothers and some such attempt would have been made but for Henderni. As I said before, he was our oldest and wisest member: a man who did not often make speeches, but whenever he did every one of us listened, and so strong is a habit even one of this nature that as soon as he stepped up on a stone and began speaking every one ceased talking.

"Brothers, if any of us went out there now we would simply waste our lives without any hope for a result, and reducing our numbers increase the danger to the women and children here. Any of us or all would sacrifice our lives gladly to save our people here or out there who are swayed and controlled by leaders who have been plotting since their downfall for this revolution. I now feel confident that the savage Nehsi are with them and their appearance as though for an invasion was to draw our armies away from home to enable the revolutionists to capture the pyramid to secure the treasure stored here and the building as a stronghold, and also for their moral effect of its capture on their followers.

"The action of our poor people out there show they are the victims of the Idol Priests' schemes to regain their lost powers, and that they are in a condition of religious frenzy and madness.

"No, this is no time for peace moves; many of the poor people must die

and some perhaps all of us. For I have a strong presentment that this is the end of all of us here. At least I feel sure it is mine. But that is as it must often be to save the children of light from the forces of darkness many innocent and many victims must die. This is the hour of battle and the time to strike is now. Look!"

The entire mob was now rushing toward us, the leaders only several hundred feet away and at their head raced one of the Idol priests bearing a spear aloft upon which was a head. I gazed at that head stupified with horror, for it was the head of Vashoneta, the beautiful virgin of Re. Then I saw red, my only desire was revenge. I who had never before in my life killed or wanted to kill any animal was now mad to kill my own people. Gone was all my compassion and pity; gone all the finer civilization, and I was a savage; but I can plead in extenuation a just cause.

I yelled some words. What they were I do not now recall, and grabbing the muzzle of the sun ray welder with the ready assistance of the brothers, all of whom now rushed forward I turned that terrific heat full upon the approaching madmen, aiming at the priest bearing the head of Vashoneta. The result was an awful sight. The men in the front ranks shrivelled up and crumpled to the ground. Those next to them fell gasping, choking and grabbing at their eyes, for the heat waves had blinded many of them. Others next to those burned and scorched turned back and forced the others to halt and the whole mass of people serged back for several hundred feet until the priests succeeded in halting them.

Out of that horror there is just one part of the picture that I can think of with any degree of comfort as one of the agents of its cause and that was the priest who carried Vashoneta's head, and at whom I aimed the full force of the heat waves. He was in advance of the others and when the heat waves struck him he shrivelled up into a grotesque black burnt skeleton. The head of Vashoneta had disappeared; I could not see it anywhere. Lovely virgin of Re. By heat created through his agency was your death avenged.

Rallied by the cries of the priests some of the bolder ones started on another charge and the whole body was again moving forward when I opened up another blast upon the leaders, and while the result was not so terrible on account of the distance, still it served to stop them and they were fast loosing their madness when the priests conceived the idea of destroying the sun ray welder, for upon looking at it they saw that the glass was covered. Now this was their opportunity to impress their followers, as the people had been ordered by Pharoah never to go near the sun glass as it was dangerous, they feared it so. Telling them that the priests could conquer fire thing of the evil gods, the whole body of priests scrambled on the top of the ledges of the roof of the chamber on which was the sun glass. This also appeared to be a good safe place out of all danger as they knew the heat waves could not reach them on the top of the roof if they kept away from the edge nearest the pyramid.

They next ordered some of the followers to cut through the conduits, but a blast from the welder ended the first attempt. They were preparing a second attack in large force when a diversion was created by cries and gestulations from the priests on the top of the sun glass. We looked in the direction where they were pointing, and gazing and saw a horde of savages, thousands of them running toward us.

"Well, brothers," I said, "our noble Henderne was right. We are done for now. They can overpower us by sheer force of numbers. But ten men are needed here at a time. Now let us work in relays, the rest of you stand ready to take the place of those who fall and if we lose the welder by their cutting the conduit we will then defend the entrance with battle axes as long as we last, then the task will fall to the men in the main chamber."

We saw that a man from the priests went out to meet the savages.

I now debated with myself as to whether I should go to the Princess and bid her farewell and tell her the situation or whether I should not stifle my longing to see her and let her remain in ignorance of the new danger

as long as possible. Perhaps, later I would get a chance to say goodbye and then I saw that I would not have time to get to the underground chamber where I thought she was with the women and children and back again before the savages would be upon us, so I faced the enemy and awaited their approach to a point where we could do the most damage for I did not doubt that they would attack immediately, not having seen the effect of the sun ray welder. On they came yelling like mad. We let the leaders get within three hundred feet and then turning the blast upon them we mowed them down by hundreds. They halted and retreated out of range, and then they stood seemingly struck dumb with amazement.

"Wise Chief," said one of the brothers, "there are some loose stones in the main chamber and some blocks out here we might build a wall to shield us."

"An excellent plan," I replied, "do you get a lot of men in the chamber and build a circular wall about us here."

A number of men directed by the brothers were soon hurriedly erecting the wall and I returned to my watching for moves on the part of our enemies. Looking at the sun glass I noted that in addition to the priests on the top of the roof ledge, a large number of people were clambering up there doubtless moved by their curiosity to see what would happen next, temporarily forgetting their fear of the sun glass.

Now, for the first time it dawned upon me that we had no way to open the exhaust hole of the volcano cave and that the accumulating heat waves must be exerting a terrific pressure on the cave and our conduits.

Turning to the brothers now manning the welder with me, I said "Brothers, I think we will have to open the welder a little every few minutes because of the pressure, as we cannot operate the exhaust. You see that our man there has gone and the station has been wrecked. Now there are some getting too near the conduit. Suppose we open a short blast on them as soon as the men finish placing the stones in front here."

While we were waiting, I turned and looked into the pyramid and much to my surprise I saw Princess Mary standing in there looking out at us. She saw me then and both smiled and I started toward her to beg her to return to the underground chamber, when Henderne said, "All ready now; shall we clear the conduit?"

I turned to help them before going to the Princess. I was just ready to use the welder when I heard a commotion behind me and then a shrill scream. I whirled about just in time to see that one of the men who had been carrying stones was rushing toward me with a spear and was almost ready to strike when a body came between us and then I saw that spear aimed at me had pierced the body of Princess Mary—my Mary. Then a terrible rage possessed me, with my bare hands I choked the life out of the villain. I tore his throat in my mad fit, and as I hurled his body over the wall we had built, I recognized him as one of the young priests of the Idols. Grabbing the sun-ray welder I pointed it toward his body and opened the full force on it. I heard a yelling and I could see that the savages and revolutionists were making a combined attack, urged on by the yelling and wildly gesticulating priests on the sun glass but I paid no heed, for gathering Mary in my arms I staggered toward the entrance with her and as I went I was begging her to speak to me so that I could know she still lived. I reached the entrance and was about to pass in when I heard a terrific noise. As I looked, the top of the volcano cave split open, the sun glass broke into pieces, the walls caved in, heat and flames shot forth, and into that yawning hell of heat was hurled the Idol priests. Beyond it all I saw the deep red glow of the setting sun.

Something struck me in the side. I lay Mary down and sank down beside her. It was getting dark, things were slipping, slipping away from me and then Mary opened her eyes and smiled at me and I leaned over and heard her say, "I knew you would find me. I hid in the cave under the river, but the rocks fell. Then I remembered the opening at the top and

I waited for you to come down that way." Her eyes closed. She, too, knew the past I thought—then the light faded.

V.

We employed the best handwriting experts and did everything possible but the only thing we accomplished was to agree that the rest of the writing on the papyrus, after the foregoing, was done by another hand but we could not be sure of correctly reading a single word of it.

Just below the breast bone in the female mummy is a deep wound and the male was evidently injured in the right side above the hip bone.

Reincarnation, is it a theory, a fancy or a fact? I leave the reader to form his or her conclusions.

As for me, as I look at those mummies I wonder if the spirits that once lived in these bodies have occupied other bodies in the many centuries since them| Are they living? Where are they now?

ACT III.

Oration of the Herald or Voice.

"Over five thousand eight hundred years have passed away since the period shown in the last act and though in the people of most countries there have been many changes it is a peculiar fact that scattered over the earth there are still many direct descendants of the Ancient Egyptians. In addition to the Parsees of India, fire worshippers of today, who are direct descendants and have kept some of the original ideas of their faith we have in various countries a nation of a total of about a million and a half of souls who are in part direct descendants of the early inhabitants of Ancient Egypt. They were wonderful workers in metals and had handed down to them from generation to generation many secrets of the occult science, astrology and kindred subjects. When they first came to Europe they were called and are still known in some parts of Europe as "Pharoah's people." We call them gypsies.

To many of you this will be a surprise. The association of the generally despised gypsies with our play and story of the brotherhood of man is done for several reasons.

First: Because they are descendants of some of the Ancient Egyptians. What were they at the building of the pyramid? What part did they then take in our play of life?

Second: What strange places they have had in the subsequent world's history. Their peculiar part is well worth studying and entitles them to a place in this story of the brotherhood phase of the world's history. Their wanderings are probably the foundation of such myths as "The wandering Jew." The eighteenth and nineteenth century belief in witches may have been, probably was, brought about by superstitious fear of their occult practices.

Third: They are also brought into this story and play to remind us of our obligations to our white and red Indian brothers—"As ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." It so happens that these people are a bitter example of the treatment civilized society has accorded to the Indians.

The other reasons will appear in the sixth act.

Gypsies, Indians; some of you are saying in your minds, why that cannot be. Yes, they are Indians—White Indians.

Behold Act III—Our White Indian brothers.

Time—1899.

(As a sort of prologue the author suggests showing the Parsees of India at their fire worship.)

White Indians.

I.

On a boulevard sheltered by the shade of palms and pepper trees, children are playing the little games that seem so real to them just as you and I played, what seems sometimes but a little while ago, only a few yesterdays back to some of us.

A boy aged seven, named Joe, son of Francis H. Harris, superintendent of the delivery department of the Starlin Packing Company, is paying an unusual lot of attention to a very pretty little girl, age five, named Nell. As the evening shadows fall, Nell's mother calls to her to come into the house.

Joe gives her a little wagon of his that they have been playing with "for keeps," and in a burst of childish pleasure and gratitude, Nell throws her arms around Joe's neck as he sits on the lawn and kisses him and then she runs into her home.

The other children playing with and about them see Nell kiss Joe and

tease him about it. This might just as well be a description of one of those incidents in your life, Reader, so instead of quoting their words suppose we turn back to those old pictures of our child life in our minds. It will be a pleasant change from our daily grind if we can pause here and live over for a few moments one or two of our childhood experiences. "For one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Then too, it will add zest to our reading to get on a level with the hero and heroine of our story and journey with them on their way which the hand of fate might have made your way.

Joe, like us boys did, or would have done, blushed furiously and fidgeted about, then he manfully said, "Aw, well, that's all right; she's my sweetheart now." But that first kiss was the only one for many years.

Nell's father, Mr. Hugh Armstrong, was employed as cashier by the Starlin Packing Company, and he and Joe's father, Mr. Harris, were such good friends that when they married they had built their homes adjoining each other.

While the pleasant childish incident which introduces Joe and Nell was being enacted by them a heavy cloud was settling over the life of Nell's father and before it had cleared away many years of time had elapsed and much sorrow and pain were the lot of those whose lives now seem so pleasantly cast and whose paths are destined to suddenly be set in new fields and among people with whom they never dreamed of being associated.

Perhaps it is the uncertainty of our journey on earth that adds spice to our lives. Who knows where your way lies tomorrow? No one save the All Wise Ruler who directs our footsteps.

The day prior to the opening of our story Mr. Armstrong had missed going to the bank on account of what seemed at that time a press of business. Afterwards the real cause was shown to have been a premeditated part of a plan, but the explanation of that will come in proper time, so let us jog along with the course of events as they occurred and not be tempted to skip ahead to find the climaxes and lose much of the heart interest of our story.

As it was settlement day, that is the day when the retail dealers paid their accounts, there was a large amount of cash in the safe when it was locked that night.

When Mr. Armstrong opened the safe the next morning the cash was gone.

The owners of the business, old Henry Starlin, and his son William and the cashier were the only persons who knew the combination of the safe.

Suspicion naturally pointed to the cashier. He stoutly maintained his innocence. He had started as office boy and had then been with them for over sixteen years. Old Henry Starlin stated that he did not believe the robbery was committed by Armstrong and directed him to continue at his work.

A detective was called in and set to work. Armstrong was unnerved by the ordeal and as he became ill from the strain, he asked to be excused early in the afternoon and went home.

That evening Mr. Harris went to Armstrong and told him that he had overheard the detective tell young Mr. Starlin that he had learned that Armstrong had visited the office late the previous evening.

Now Mr. Armstrong had gone to the office that night; it happened in this way: As the next day was his daughter's birthday he had purchased a little gift for her at lunch time and in the hurry of the afternoon's work he had forgotten it and left it in his desk. So after a lodge meeting that night he went to the office and got the present. This incident might, and probably would have been satisfactorily explained if it had been told when the robbery was discovered, but unfortunately it had entirely passed out of Armstrong's mind.

Seeing the net of circumstantial evidence closing about him and feeling sure he would be arrested in the morning Armstrong took fright and

did a very foolish thing. That night he took his wife and little girl and ran away.

II.

Nearly a year later in a homestead in another state, under an assumed name, we see the Armstrongs living under conditions that were very trying for all of them. The father and daughter were making the best of it, but Mrs. Armstrong was very homesick and lonesome.

She planned to run away and visit her people. At first she intended to take Nell with her but finally decided to leave her with her father. Seizing the opportunity when Armstrong had gone to town for supplies she waited until it was about time for him to return and then she set out for another station leaving Nell asleep in her crib to which she pinned a letter for her husband. In her haste and mental condition her note unfortunately gave the impression that she meant to forsake Nell as well as her husband.

"I woke up," said Nell telling the story of her great childhood sorrow years later, "late in the afternoon and getting out of my crib I ran about the house looking for mama. Not finding her I thought she had gone to the barn or chicken yard so I ran out there and then all around the house and in the garden.

"Then I became frightened and began calling 'Mama! Mama! running all about in and out the house, then I cried for a long time.

"Exhausted from crying I then thought I would go and meet Daddy as perhaps Mama had done. I went for a long way on the road to where there were cross roads and there I stopped, not knowing which way to go, and called 'Mama, Mama,' and then 'Daddy, Daddy,' and again gave way to tears.

"After a time I started on one of the roads and walked along until I came to some wild blackberry bushes. I ate a lot of berries and then trudged on again. Darkness coming on added that terror to my trials and I called and cried until finally exhausted I sat down on the roadside and fell asleep.

"I awoke when it was pitch dark and I heard a noise of something moving in the woods. I wanted to cry but somehow I feared to do so, so I lay very quiet, very much scared, and after awhile the sound moved from near me finally dying away in the distance."

"Then I thought of my prayers and so I said them aloud, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Then "God bless Mama and Daddy."

"Then I felt a presence; I was no longer alone. Someone was with me. I could see no one. I murmured good night Daddy and Mama and I fell into a sound sleep.

"When I awoke the sun was shining. I gathered some flowers, found more blackberries which I ate and then walked a long way on the road. Passing over the brow of a hill I came to a party of Gypsies camped alongside a creek.

III.

Detective Charles F. Hardin was a very angry man. He had been sent to bring back an important capture—a man wanted for murder.

Before the train reached———the prisoner had asked to go wash up. As the prisoner was a small slight man and Detective Hardin was a physical giant, and in addition was armed with a revolver, the latter unhesitatingly unlocked one of the handcuffs.

Just as the train stopped at the station a man stepped out of the toilet room and passed between Detective Hardin and his prisoner. Like a flash the prisoner leaped into the toilet room and closed and locked the door.

Although only a few moments elapsed before Detective Hardin summoning the porter with his yell and grabbing his key, had the door open,

but the prisoner had succeeded in opening the window and making his escape.

Detective Hardin had spent hours in fruitless search without finding a trace of his man and he was now headed for the station to take a train home. His prisoner had disappeared as though the ground had opened and swallowed him.

He paused mid-way in the burst of profanity in which he was indulging and stared with open mouth at a man who just then was entering the general store.

"That fellow's mug is either in the gallery or among those wanted," he said aloud. "Now let me see if I can recall his moniker."

Going into the store he bought a cigar and lighting it he watched the man who was purchasing groceries.

He had smoked about half the cigar when he walked to the door and threw it away and reached into his back trousers pocket he first shifted his gun to his righthand coat pocket and his handcuffs to his lefthand coat pocket.

With his right hand in his coat pocket grasping his gun he strode up to the man he had been watching and with his left hand tapped him on the shoulder.

"Mr. Hugh Armstrong, our train is due here in a few minutes. You and I are going to take a little ride," and quick as a flash he snapped the handcuffs on his wrists.

"You go along quietly without any fuss and I will do what I can to make it easy for you" lied Detective Hardin. He was anxious to get away without the delay of requisition proceedings. "If you try to cause any delay it will go harder with you. They have got to prove you did it and the better disposition you show about going back the more it will help you at the trial. See!"

Now as a matter of fact Mr. Armstrong knew nothing about his legal rights in the premises and therefore had no intention of taking action for delay. His heart was torn with sorrow for his wife and little girl. He thought first it would be best to send them a message and then his longing to see them and say good-bye to them overcame all his other feelings.

"Take me back to my home so I can tell my wife and say good-bye to her and my kiddy and then I will go," said he.

"Nix on that stuff," the detective replied. "You are going on this train. You can send a message. This next train is the last one out of this burg today and I am not going to stop here all night. So come along."

At the station the detective wrote a short note that Armstrong dictated and then well pleased with the ease of his capture he gave the note and a five dollar bill to an onlooker who promised to deliver the note.

The train came in. Detective Charles F. Hardin rode away mentally patting himself on the back at his turn of luck, for he soliloquized "they would rather have this fellow than two murderers. They will forget all about the get-away in the joy of landing this one and yours truly gets that little thousand dollar reward."

"Oh Lord, what will become of my poor wife and Nell" thought Hugh Armstrong who was handcuffed to the detective.

"I'll go get a drink" thought the man with the note to deliver as he walked away from the station.

IV.

There was forty-two in the party, eight married couples, four young men, five girls and six boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, two old women, one old man and eight small children between the ages of a few months and twelve years, that were camped on the edge of the road alongside a creek or small river about six miles from ——— on the second day of July in the year 1900.

The men were variously engaged, a few were fishing in the creek, one

was fixing a wagon, two were mending harness, another was nailing a shoe on a horse. Three were playing musical instruments and the rest were loafing and smoking.

Most of the women were engaged in preparing for the noon day meal. A young girl who had gone to the creek for water looked up the road and then cried out to the others, "Here comes a child that looks as if it had been lost in the woods."

She ran to meet Nell and led her to the camp where all the Gypsies crowded about her. Nell would probably have been frightened and cried again but she was exhausted and the girl who first saw her kept hold of her hand and talked to her bidding her not to be afraid, they were her friends.

Nell was a pathetic sight. Her dress was in rags, torn by the briars and bushes. Her face and hands were scratched. There was one deep scratch across her cheek that had bled freely and the dried blood was crusted there. Her hair was tousled with whisks of straw and pieces of sticks in it. Fingers and lips were stained with blackberries and in her right hand she clutched a bunch of faded wild flowers.

The Gypsies bathed Nell's face and hands, doctored her scratches, then gave her a good dinner. After eating she fell asleep and awoke in about two hours much refreshed.

A man and his wife and their daughter, the young girl who first saw Nell, then took her in a spring wagon and went over the road in the direction whence she came.

Some of these white Indians, like their red brothers, are excellent woodsmen and trackers. This man was one of the best in his tribe and he experienced no difficulty in finding Nell's home.

As soon as Nell saw it she clapped her hands for joy, and when the wagon was stopped at the door and she was lifted down she ran into the house calling "Mama! Mama!" but there was no answering voice. Silence, grim, startling silence hung like a pall over the tragedy of that broken home with only the inanimate things left except little Nell who now sensing her loss began to sob softly as though in harmony with the scene.

The Gypsies entered the house and looked about. The woman found the note on the crib and read it aloud—

Hugh:—

I can't stand it any longer; this place is driving me crazy. You have no right to expect me to stand anything like this, and anyway I cannot do it any longer though I want to.

I need my friends, pleasure, dancing, my music, and I go wild without them. Why did you run away; you should have stayed and faced it out. I sometimes wonder if you were not guilty and planned to take the money and run away with that yellow haired stenographer of yours.

I wish I had married Harry. I guess he would still be glad to have me. I was going to take Nell but I have decided to leave her with you now.

I was going to write a lot more but I am afraid you will get back before I get away. I think I hear your horses coming. Forgive me.

Annie.

With a stern look on her face the motherly old Gypsy woman read the letter again. Then she turned and gathering Nell in her arms she sat in a rocker and said to her husband, "I will wait here, Liz can stay with me. You go and find her father."

The evening shades were falling when he returned with the story of the father's arrest. He had also learned that the man to whom the detective gave the note and the five dollar bill had got drunk and lost the note, so paid no further attention to the matter.

They made their supper and as Nell had cried herself to sleep they decided that the woman and her daughter would remain there that night with her and the man would return to camp and come back in the morning with a larger wagon.

When they left the place the next morning everything that was movable went with them. Some days later when a neighbor got hold of the story and went to see what was laying around loose he spread the report that the Gypsies who had been camped in the neighborhood had stolen everything about the place.

It probably never occurred to him to find out what became of the mother and child or to ascertain if the goods taken had not been removed in the interest of the one to whom they now rightly belonged.

But let us leave the town of _____ and the deserted homestead behind us and journey with the Gypsies and little Nell.

As the bright summer days sped by Nell's sorrow faded from her mind leaving a sad memory that finally seldom returned except at bedtime when she said her evening prayer.

Soon she became interested in the life of her new found friends. They were all very kind to her and each one every day from the oldest adult to the older children would spend some little time with her or at least stop and speak to her, and of course she played with the younger children, among them a boy and girl of about her own age.

One of the first things they taught her was to set on a horse and she soon learned to love to ride that way.

The music and dancing was also of much interest to her. She was too young then to later recall all the incidents of her first days with the Gypsies who were then on their way to California, but they were just the usual days of their mode of life, trading horses, telling fortunes, their campfire scenes, stories and the music and dancing.

ACT IV.

Oration of Herald or Voice:—

"Brothers!

"Gypsies or Gipsies are a wandering folk scattered through every European land, Western Asia, Siberia, Egypt, the northern coast of Africa, Australia and America. From estimates made in 1903 they numbered a total of about one million two hundred and seventy-five thousand souls. There is probably a million and a half now in the entire world.

They are known by two names, Atzigan or Atsigan and Egyptian in many countries. In England they are called Gipsies. In France Bohemians. They are also known by the name of Tartars given to them in Germany.

Perhaps the name that fits them really the best of the European ones is the Hungarian one, *Pharao Nephka*, or Pharoah's people.

Many tales are told of their origin but the best are the following: The name Atzigan is derived from *Athinganoi*, is an idea of Miklosich, a name originally belonging to a peculiar sect living in Asia Minor. The members of this sect observed very strict rules of purity. They were afraid of being defiled by the touch of other people whom they considered unclean. They therefore acquired the name of *Athinganoi* (i. e. "Touch me nots").

Miklosich collected seven passages where the Byzantine historians of the ninth century described the *Athinganoi* as soothsayers, magicians and serpent-charmers.

The inner history of the Byzantine empire of that period may explain how such a nickname was given to a new sect or race that suddenly appeared in the Greek empire.

In the history of the Church we find them mentioned with Paulicians and other heretical sects that were transplanted in tens of thousands from Asia Minor to the Greek empire.

Travelling from the East to the West these, called by the Churches heretical sects, obtained different names in different countries in accordance with local traditions and imaginary origins.

The early Gypsies telling of their own origin when first appearing in the west of Europe said that they came from little Egypt, and from this they were, no doubt rightly, called Egyptians, or Pharoah's people.

Their later name for themselves—*Rom* for the man and *Romni* for the women—was probably derived from the word *Droma* (Indian).

The best probable explanation of their origin is that an Indian tribe or caste moved by political disturbances traveled through Persia. After a short stay there they went to Armenia, then to the Byzantine empire. Another clan passed through Persia settling in Armenia, then going to Syria, and North Africa.

Though mixed with many nationalities until the original high caste Indian is materially changed they are yet in truth Indians—White Indians if you please.

Liszt ascribed to the Gypsies the origin of Hungarian national music. Indeed they are far famed for their music in which they are unsurpassed.

Equally famous for her knowledge of occult practices is the Gypsy woman. She is the real witch, knows charms to injure the enemy and help a friend, and can break the charm made by others. The old Gypsy woman is known for skill in palmistry and fortune-telling. It is probable that playing cards were introduced by them.

As a race they are of small stature varying in color from dark tan of the Arab to the whitish hue of Pole and Servian. There are some white colored in Servia and Dalmatia. They are distinguishable by the whiteness of their teeth and the lustre of their eyes, and in this they resemble the red Indians before they were civilized as they do also in their love of display, bright colored clothes, ornaments and bangles.

One German claim is that they are of the seed of Canaan. They have also been called descendants of Ham. According to another account they

had to go to Rome to obtain pardon for the sin of their forefathers who had not shown mercy to Joseph and Mary when they sought refuge in Egypt from the persecution of Herod.

With very few exceptions their immunity from persecution has not lasted long and except for very short periods they have almost nowhere been treated with any consideration of humanity.

A great many of them have stolen, cheated, lied, robbed, been immoral and committed other minor crimes. A considerable percentage of the people in the countries where they have wandered have also done these things.

But that does not excuse them, though under other and better conditions and with different treatment their history, like that of the other Indian people, would read differently.

The crimes of the Gypsies pale into insignificance when compared with the atrocities that the people of civilized countries have committed against them.

They have been enslaved in some countries and whole families sold like chattels and as such slaves they have been subjected to the most horrible cruelties.

More than one judicial murder has been committed against them. On the 14th and 15th of November, 1726, there was a wholesale murder of a group of Gypsies. Five men were broken on the wheel, nine died on the gallows. Three men and eight women were beheaded.

Edicts were issued in many countries sentencing the Egyptians to exile under penalty of death.

In 1611 in Edinburgh four were hanged for the crime of being Egyptians. In 1636 at Haddington they were ordered—"the men to be hanged and the women to be drowned, and such of the women as has children to be scourged throu the burg and burnt in the cheeks."

As late as 1782, forty-five Hungarian Gypsies were charged with cannibalism and beheaded or hanged. The Emperor Joseph II, who abolished serfdom throughout his empire, inquired into this matter and discovered that the only crime committed was by those who murdered the Gypsies.

The history of their treatment in various countries, the penalties and inflictions imposed upon them would form a remarkable chapter in a history of modern civilization. They were treated as the negroes in America down to 1856 when their freedom in Moldavia was proclaimed.

As late as the year 1907 a drive was undertaken against them in Germany.

On January 6th, 1906, the first Gypsy Congress was held in Sofia for the purpose of claiming political rights for the Turkish Gypsies or Gopti as they called themselves. They sent a petition to the Sobranye demanding the recognition of their political rights. Truly a curious awakening and an interesting chapter in the history of this peculiar people.

Behold, Act IV.

Time—1915.

V.

Joe Harris, whom we left in the first chapter as a boy, claiming Nell as his sweetheart, now grown to young manhood, was working at the Starlin Packing Company.

A union of the employees was organized and Joe took an active interest because he thought it a good thing for the employees to get together.

The union in itself might have amounted to nothing more than a friendly organization of the employees if the matter had been properly handled by the heads of the business, but Young Starlin rushed a proclamation posted stating that unless the union was abandoned its members would be discharged.

This attitude and action precipitated a strike because the employees

considered it an unwarranted attack upon their personal liberties.

As a demonstration of their unity more than anything else the strikers marched in a body to the office of the plant. Joe Harris marched proudly at the head with the leaders and with them he was arrested on a charge of inciting a riot.

Joe was cleared of the charge but both he and his father were discharged.

He decided to go to another city, and as it was time for crop gathering he worked his way. In short, he almost became what is called a hobo.

There is a stretch of road between these two cities that hasn't much upon it but water tanks.

On a very hot day in August a thin man, prematurely old and gray, his face deeply scared with lines of care and pain, and bearing to a close observer the unmistakable sign of a convict that he appeared unable to throw off, although it was now four years since he had stepped out of prison, a down-and-out hobo, reclined under a water tank in the shade and coolness. And thus we again meet Hugh Armstrong.

Lodged in jail by Detective Hardin he had been tried after several weeks delay. Without funds he was assigned counsel who took no interest in the case. The only defense offered was Armstrong's testimony. A nervous wreck his appearance was against him in the minds of the jury who paid little attention to his testimony because they thought he was lying.

How different was the appearance of young Starlin who testified for the firm. The circumstantial evidence was all against Armstrong. The most damning part was the fact that he had been seen to return to the office that night and young Starlin testified that he did not tell them about the visit. Armstrong admitted this on cross-examination. The jury found him guilty without leaving their seats. He was sentenced to ten years hard labor.

But now to return to the road. Around the turn of the road from the south a young "bo" came walking with a long easy swinging stride.

The water tank offering refreshment and rest may have inspired him at any rate he broke forth into song:—

"How many men there are, who ride in fortune's car
And bolt and bar the door against the poor,
Because they've lots of gold, their hearts turn icy cold.
They ought to be condemned for it I'm sure.
Now speaking of the race, who tramp from place to place,
There are some of them who are men from top to toe.

So if you meet a tramp who bears misfortune's stamp,
If he is worthy of your aid, why freely give—
Give him a hearty grip, wish him luck upon his trip,
And remember that the poor tramp has to live.

I once heard a tramp relate the sad story of fate,
How he was an outcast shunned by all;
He had lived a happy life, had a loving child and wife,
But alas! like Eve, this woman had to fall.
For she proved weak and frail there is no need to tell the tale.
How it turned his manly heart to sad despair,
And he never since has smiled on that handsome wife and child,
But sadly now he tramps from place to place.

So if you meet a tramp who bears misfortune's stamp,
If he is worthy of your aid, why freely give—
Give him a hearty grip, wish him luck upon his trip,
And remember that the poor tramp has to live.

The song ceased, a few more steps brought him to the water tank and looking under it now for the first time he saw Armstrong.

"Hello old timer!" said the young man cheerfully.

"Hello young man!" replied the other. "That song you just sang I have not heard in about fifteen years. It used to be sung by a neighbor of mine. It is an old time song. Where did you learn it?"

"My father used to sing it. There was another verse but I have forgotten part of it," replied the young man.

"May I ask your name?" said the older man.

"My name is Joe Harris; what is yours?"

The older man leaped to his feet and grasping the young man by the shoulder he asked, "Was your father's name Francis Harris?"

"It was," replied Joe. "Who are you?"

"I was his neighbor and friend once. I am Hugh Armstrong. When I saw you last you were a little boy. How is your father?"

"Father was not well the last I heard from him. I think his heart was broke when he lost his job at Starlin's," replied Joe as the two shook hands. "How is your wife and little daughter. Nell was her name, wasn't it? By Jove, she must be a young lady now. As I remember it, we were sweethearts when we were kids. I would like to see her now."

"I have not seen them since my arrest. I sent a message to my wife and afterwards I wrote her a number of letters which came back to me. When I got out of prison I went to our homestead where we had lived but no one knew what became of them. I then went to the home of my wife's people but her parents had died and none of the neighbors knew where she went. I have hunted and worked to get money to hunt more and in that way I have hoboed about for the past four years."

"That is sure tough luck. You were a friend of my Dad's and on that account and because Nell and I were kids together I am going to help you look for them. Cheer up. We are going to find them before long."

They camped there and talked far into the night.

A strange touch of fate that made them hoboes and a peculiar meeting, but it was thus they met.

VI.

The police of the city had received complaints one morning from a half dozen citizens who lived in the suburbs that their henroosts had been robbed the previous night.

One of the officers sent out to look for clews reported there were none but that he had learned that a large party of Gypsies were camped outside the city.

The officers went to the Gypsy camp and arrested all the men Gypsies there except one old man.

The women Gypsies crowded about and demanded to know why their men were arrested. They were told that they were arrested on suspicion of having stolen a lot of chickens.

A tall, slender, beautifully formed girl with light brown hair looked on, and as the men were leaving she said to them, "It's a shame. Do not worry; we will see what we can do; you did not do it and they cannot make out that you did."

"We will be all right, Nell." "Never mind, we will show them." "Don't worry," and such expressions were called out by the Gypsies and each one forced a smile and a gay wave of his hand to her.

"Who did it, granny?" asked Nell as soon as the men were gone. Without a word a very old woman turned and went into a caravan wagon. Nell sat down and waited. In about fifteen minutes the old woman came out and said one word, "tramps."

Nell dressed and accompanied by the old man mounted on horseback set out to locate the tramps. Striking across the city to a little woods near the railroad they spied the tramps having a "Mulligan stew."

They rode back to the city and went to the police. "Come with me and I will show you who stole the chickens," said Nell.

To the credit of this police department be it said that they very promptly accompanied Nell and the old Gypsy. Led by her they succeeded in working their way close enough to the tramps to see enough chickens and feathers about to satisfy them that the tramps were the thieves.

After a stiff battle the officers succeeded in arresting eight of the tramps; six or seven got away.

The Gypsies were being arraigned in the Justice's Court when the officers brought in the tramps. The officers testified and the Gypsies were released.

Two days later at the Gypsy camp the men were away trading and selling horses and some of the women were in the city telling fortunes. Nell was at the camp with a few old men and women and the children.

Picking up a riding whip which she usually carried out in the woods to kill snakes with, as she was afraid of them, Nell started out for a little walk in the afternoon. She had gone only about a third of a mile when a burly tramp stepped out from behind a tree and said, "Well, I got you, me buxom peach."

Nell stepped back and quick as a flash she cut the tramp across the face with her whip.

Bellowing profanity and vile names the tramp, mad with rage and pain, rushed forward.

Nell, thoroughly frightened but bravely defending herself, backed away cutting with her whip as quickly as she could and with all her strength, the tramp's head and arms. Fortunately he stumbled and dropped his arms and like a flash the whip cut him across the eyes blinding him.

His yells of pain were answered by the cries of three other tramps who came running out of the woods. Nell turned and ran but one of the tramps cut her off so she attacked him with the whip and called loudly for help hoping to attract some of the Gypsies at the camp.

The two other tramps getting behind her rushed in and seized her arms. She screamed; there was the sound of rushing feet, the thud of two blows and the tramps who held her reeled to the ground carrying her with them in their fall.

Her rescuer stooped and picked her up and Nell looked into the eyes of Joe Harris and Joe looked so intently into Nell's eyes that it was fortunate for both that the tramps were content to slink off. And that is how these childhood sweethearts met after all these years.

But they did not recognize each other. "Are you hurt?" asked Joe finally.

"No," replied Nell, "thank you very much."

"Where do you live," asked Joe. "I will see you home. There may be more of those bums around here."

"This way," said Nell, glad of his escort, and she led the way towards the Gypsy camp.

He fell into step beside her and said, "I was walking along that road over yonder and heard your screams. Glad I was around."

"So am I," Nell replied. "Do you live in the city?"

"No," he replied.

"Where do you live?" asked Nell.

"I have got to tell you the truth," he answered. "I do not live anyplace. I am a hobo."

Nell looked at him in surprised wonder. Then she stopped. "That is where I live," she said, and she ran toward the camp.

"A Gypsy. Well what in the hell do you think of that?" said Joe aloud as he watched her.

That evening Joe accompanied by Armstrong visited the camp. Joe was hoping for a chance to talk to Nell, but he only was able to say "Good evening" to her when the camp was attacked by a gang of tramps.

The Gypsies are not a fighting people, but when they are forced to

fight they do it with hands, feet, teeth, clubs, knives or anything at hand. The women and even the children took an active part in protecting themselves against the raid of the tramps. Joe and Armstrong both took a hand with right good will, and though the tramps outnumbered the men on the other side and were armed with clubs and knives they received a severe beating. Several were knocked senseless, many were cut and bruised when the battle was over.

Four of the Gypsies had knife wounds, none of them serious, and many were bruised and battered.

After those able to run had fled the senseless tramps were roughly dragged into the woods and left there after the Gypsies had satisfied themselves that they were alive.

The Gypsies were much pleased with Joe and Armstrong. They gathered about them and thanked them for their assistance. Learning that they were hoboes they invited them to join their camp.

Joe who was in love with Nell, although he hardly realized it yet, persuaded Armstrong to accept the offer for awhile anyway.

VII.

The next morning Armstrong left the camp early as he had a job helping to pack some goods in the city.

After breakfast Joe waited for an opportunity to talk to Nell.

After a while he observed that she had taken a seat on a log and was knitting or embroidering, he could not tell one from the other.

It must be a natural gift or instinct with the dear girls though they will not admit it. Nell was later jokingly asked if she did not know that Joe would seek her out to talk to her that morning and that she had deliberately planned to receive him on that log so he could sit there with her, she would not answer.

Joe, after watching for her and thinking of nothing else for three or four hours, must of course fill and light his pipe, and while smoking it examine with much apparent interest an old crow bait of a horse the Gypsies had just got in a trade that he had already looked over four or five times during his wait.

Nell was very much absorbed in her knitting or embroidering whenever Joe stole a glance at her, but it is a safe hundred to one bet that she did not miss a move he made and in addition had an excellent mental picture of his tall well knit muscular body, his tanned honest and almost handsome face with its good nose, fine chin and clear blue eyes topped with dark brown hair.

Joe finally plucked up courage, emptied his pipe and strode over to the log.

"Good morning. I hope you have no bad effects from your brush with the tramps yesterday and our little racket last night. You sure know how to use a whip. That was some swell trimming you gave those bums yesterday afternoon with that riding whip. I did not have much time to look around last night during the mixup but I saw you lay a welt across the face of one yegg with that cart whip that I'll bet he will pack for a long time."

"Good morning to you," replied Nell. "I was frightened yesterday afternoon but I did not get hurt. Last night I twisted my ankle a little tripping over a stone, but I bathed it in cold water as soon as the tramps were beaten off so it was only a little sore this morning."

"Oh, it was your ankle that sent you to the wagon and kept you there last evening. I looked for you. I wanted to introduce my friend."

"Take a seat and tell me your name," said Nell.

"Pardon my bad manners for not having done that before. My name is Joe Harris."

"Mine is Nell Romanoff. My people are much pleased with you and the man you brought with you, and we are glad to have you join our band."

"Well, your people look good to me. I used to think that Gypsies were

all thieves and a tough lot but yours must be an extra fine bunch or I was mistaken. I am sorry I ever thought such things about them."

"Oh that is alright; we are used to it. There have been lots of bad men among the Gypsies like other nations," said Nell. "But for some unaccountable reason the hands of nearly all the civilized people seem to be raised only to strike or threaten the Gypsies for centuries past. History, you know, records only two prominent men who ever made any effort to help the Gypsy nation and by a peculiar coincidence both their names was Joseph, your name."

"I am rusty on history. I don't recall anything about it. Tell me," said Joe who was glad of any conversation that would prolong the pleasure he experienced in this girl's company. "She is a peach and got some brains too," he thought.

"Their history is too long to tell. I have collected several books with chapters on them and have a manuscript that I have written based partly on what I could get out of library books, the books I have bought and the legends and stories my people tell of themselves. My idea was some day to try and have published an up-to-date truthful history of the nation in the hope that it would result in the people of this country at least getting a better understanding of the Gypsy."

"That would be something new. It ought to make a success," said Joe.

"I fear not," Nell said pensively. "The people of this country seemed to be wrapped up in those things that afford them personal pleasure and appear to have no time or inclination to study any poor people, especially Indians."

"Indians! Do you mean that Gypsies are Indians?" asked Joe.

"Yes indeed. They are descendants of high caste Indians who came from a country they called Little Egypt many centuries ago. They were Egyptian Indians and were called Egyptians and Pharaoh's people in European countries. I think the name that fits them best now is White Indians. But I must be going now."

"Why, you have not told me about the Josephs who were the only men to help the Gypsies," said Joe, who had a quick mind and seized upon this to prolong the conversation."

"Yes, I did start to tell you about them," and Nell settled back on the log and turned so she would face her listener.

"The first was Emperor Joseph II of Hungary who dealt with them justly, especially in 1782 when forty-five of them were murdered charged with cannibalism, and he made some efforts to help them but the best friend the Gypsies ever had was Archduke Joseph of Austria who laid out villages and settlements for them and tried to have them settle down and devote their energies to their skill in metal working which he discovered they possessed. But his plans were too idealistic in that he expected them too soon to throw off the habits and wild life of centuries. But though he was disappointed in the result of his labors still he had some measure of reward.

"Just before the battle of Sadowa in 1866 the Archduke, who was sleeping in a peasant's cottage, was awakened in the middle of the night by a Gypsy. This man when brought to the bedside of the Archduke in rapid Romany declared the enemy was approaching in an intended surprise attack upon the Austrians."

"The outposts have not heard anything suspicious," the Archduke remarked. He had learned the Gypsy language.

"No," replied the Gypsy, "because the enemy is still a long way off."

"How do you know this?" the Archduke asked.

"Come to the window," replied the Gypsy, and he led the Archduke to a narrow opening in the rough wall where he directed his gaze to the sky illuminated by the silver rays of the moon, "You see those birds flying over the woods toward the south?"

"Yes, I see them. What of it?" demanded the Archduke.

"What of it?" retorted the Gypsy. "Do not birds sleep as well as men?"

They would not fly at night-time if they had not been disturbed. The enemy is marching through the woods and has frightened the birds."

Orders were given for the camp to be awakened and in less than two hours the attack was met. Then Archduke Joseph was able to realize that his camp division, military prestige, and perhaps even his life was saved by the sagacity of a Gypsy, grateful for his friendship and kindness to his people.

"That is very interesting," said Joe. "It is hard to realize that you are a Gypsy because you are different than even these good people in this camp."

"I am only a Gypsy by adoption," replied Nell sadly. "My own parents forsook me. The Gypsies found me, or rather I found them, and they took me in and have treated me better than they do their own children."

"Do you remember your own parents?" asked Joe. "What was their name?"

"I do not remember much about them, but I think I could recognize their features. I always look at everybody carefully that I think might be them, especially where we used to live. Talking about Josephs, I remember I had a little boy playmate once named Joe."

Joe jumped to his feet and excitedly demanded "Your family name was it Armstrong?"

"Why yes," replied Nell wonderingly. "How in the world did you know it?"

"I am that playmate Joe you just mentioned and the old gentleman who was with me last night is your father, but say, it wasn't his fault that he left you; he has been hunting you for over four years—ever since he—he; well I guess he had better tell you about it. Say, I know where he is working today and I am off to tell him the good news," and Joe bounded away and as far as Nell could see him he was running at top speed.

About an hour later Joe and Armstrong arrived at the camp, and because of the humiliation of that poor father, in the confession he had to make to explain why he did not return to his baby daughter at the home-stand, because the Gypsies, to spare her feelings, had never told Nell about her father's arrest, let us draw a veil over the scene.

VIII.

Call it intuition, or any other name that you may choose to apply to such things or just plain guess work, but Nell had no sooner heard her father's story than she announced her conviction that the robbery had been committed by young Starlin and she at once began to plan how to have the crime brought home to him and clear her father's name.

She persuaded the Gypsies, who would do almost anything for her, to about face and, although it was hot and the season when they traveled north, to return to the city which they had left in the early spring.

The days during the journey were long hours of joy for Armstrong, Nell and Joe. Their long talks during each day's journey were followed in the evening by the peculiar stories of the Gypsies, their excellent violin music and their songs and dances.

Where can you find anything more picturesque than such a camp-fire scene on a beautiful moonlight night?

Did you ever see a fine old grove of live oaks beside a running brook? A camp-fire with its ever changing colors, around this sitting, lounging, standing a half hundred Gypsies with their gorgeous costumes. In the background, in the shadows of the trees and camp-fire the horses and wagons are outlined and the whole picture brought out in every detail by the silvery sheen of a glorious moonlight?"

In due time they arrived and pitched their camp in the mountains overlooking the city.

Nell and her father spent a half day in visiting their former home in which joy and sorrow were mingled and to which was added an unexpected

sorrow and sympathy for Joe who accompanied them in high spirits at the prospect of seeing his father, was met with the news of his death two days before. His mother had died several years prior and his only other relative was a married sister.

The funeral was held the next day and none of those who attended it, except Joe, recognized in the thin gray haired man, their former neighbor and fellow citizen and later the convict, Hugh Armstrong. Neither could they have believed the beautiful sun-kissed young lady dressed in simple black who accompanied him was Gypsy Nell.

"I wonder who they are?" they asked each other. But no one knew the answer. "Some old friends of the dead; the man must have been because he was very much affected," they said, and then it passed out of their minds.

Several days later the two Starlin's, father and son, stepped out of their private office after completing some business matters which had detained them until after the usual closing hour. The clerks had all gone home. In the reception room they were accosted by two Gypsy women.

One was old, a veritable witch in appearance. The other was young and would have been comely even with the arrangement of her hair but her features were marred by a very unartistic job of painting. The eyebrows were too heavy, and the eyelashes were brought out too much by the black lines on the lids. The skin was darkened and the cheeks and lips were rouged and her body appeared to be deformed.

"Cross our palms with silver and we will tell your fortunes" whined the old woman.

"Naw, get out," testily said Mr. Starlin, Sr.

"For the love of Mike," said his son, "where did that pair of comic opera witches drop from?"

"Yah, we are Romany witches," said Nell, for it was her speaking in a weird sing song tone of voice. "We can give you a charm against your enemies. See, I will tell you some of your fortune without money. You partners have agreed with others to make prices to sell and you are worried because you think one partner will not stick. Have I not told you truth?"

Now this was a guess based upon Joe's idea of what he believed was going on and Armstrong's knowledge of the Starling's business methods. It was not literally correct but so close to the facts of a deal that they had just been discussing that father and son were both startled.

"Remember my telling you about a Gypsy woman who told my fortune when I was a young clerk and said I would be the head of the business?" the elder Starlin asked his son.

"Yes I do, now you mention it," replied his son. "It don't seem possible yet there must be something in their stuff. Do you want your fortune told, Father?" he continued now laughing, his spirits returned. "No." "Well, if you will wait for me, I'll listen to the young one awhile. Come in here."

They all went into the private office and sat down. Young Starlin put a silver dollar in Nell's hand. She examined his palm and then told him a fairly accurate brief history of his life.

He laughed and said, "That is not so bad, but you could easily get that information if you had confederates digging up those things. I don't believe you could tell me anything that only I know."

The old woman now craftily began wailing "Don't tell him my daughter; don't tell him; don't tell him," she almost screamed the last and then she began moaning.

"There is nothing either of you can tell that everybody does not know. You have your dollar, so get out," said young Starlin, and while he said it laughingly still his face was strained with fear for it came to him that perhaps these women did know and now he was anxious to get rid of them before it was too late.

Both women got up and walked toward the door. There they stopped and turned around.

"We do know," said Nell in that peculiar weird voice. "Just sixteen years ago tonight you," here she pointed her fingers at young Starlin, "came here after midnight and took over thirty-five thousand dollars out of the safe in the main office. No one ever knew that you took it. Another man paid for the crime but you were the thief."

It is a lie, you whelps of hell," he yelled, and then he pulled himself together and said sneeringly to the women. "Some kind of a blackmailing game, eh! Well, if you try it in any way you will all land in jail and I'll see you get the limit. Now get out of here and stay out."

The women passed quickly out of the door and slammed it behind them. The old one kept on. Nell stooped to the keyhole and listened for a minute. A voice spoke a few words in the room. Nell rose and with a smile on her face she followed the old woman out of the outer door.

"She told the truth" were the words Nell heard the elder Starlin say.

The next day Nell and the old Gypsy woman with Joe went to the Judge who sentenced Armstrong. In his chambers where he received them there was with him, by peculiar coincidence, Detective Charles F. Hardin who arrested Armstrong.

Nell told their story. The Judge ridiculed it and advised them not to tell it again if they wanted to keep out of jail.

IX.

In the month of March of this year a small band of Gypsies had camped on the outskirts of a middle western city. The women were reaping a small harvest by going to offices and stores telling fortunes.

They always travel in pairs when using this method and two of them reached an office after four o'clock of a dark gray day. Opening the door and walking in one of them stumbled over the handle of a mop which was lying there and fell heavily to the floor. Striking her head on the edge of a desk she was knocked unconscious and sustained a slight scalp wound.

"Oh, you poor dear," cried a woman who came running forward holding a dust cloth in her hand. This was the only person on the premises except the Gypsies. The occupants of the office had gone home at four, their regular quitting hour, and the woman was the regular janitress of this small business building.

The janitress stooped and raised the fallen Gypsy's head and seeing the blood she told the other Gypsy to hold her companion's head while she got some water.

They staunching the flow of blood and with strips torn from the janitress' petticoat bandaged the injured woman's head and after considerable effort restored her to consciousness.

"I will telephone for an ambulance and you can go to a hospital and get your head dressed," said the janitress.

"No, No!" cried the Gypsies in unison. "We have no license to go around to offices and tell fortunes and the police would put us in jail."

"Oh I see," said the janitress. "Well rest here until you feel better and then you can get to your home. Where do you live?"

"We are camped in Gray's Park woods" said the uninjured Gypsy.

"Why that is four miles from here and there is no car or jitney line out there in the winter," said the janitress. "How will you get out there?"

"We will walk," was the answer. "Our men thought there was a jitney."

But the injured woman did not recover sufficiently to enable her to stand on her feet much less walk. In fact she grew worse. After about two hours the janitress insisted on getting a conveyance to take her home. She telephoned for a taxi and as the poor Gypsy was now almost senseless again the janitress went with them to their camp and then returned and finished her work. She went home very late in a heavy rain that was falling then.

Three weeks later she was convalescing from pneumonia at the city

hospital when the two Gypsy women were ushered in to see her.

"We are glad to see that you are better and so sorry that you were sick," said the spokesman. "This is the woman," she added addressing her companion, who was the Gypsy that had been injured by the fall.

"I want to thank you for your kindness," said she to the ex-janitress.

"Take chairs and lay off your things," said the ex-janitress. "I am so glad you called. I was feeling very blue just now. I see you recovered from your fall," she added turning to the Gypsy who had been injured.

"Yes, I got all right the next day."

They chatted on for awhile when the ex-janitress was seized with a bad fit of coughing. The Gypsies aided her and looked at each other with expressions of pity in their eyes.

When she recovered the ex-janitress said, "The doctor told me today that my lungs were affected and I must go to a warmer climate—Arizona or California. I would like to go back to California for I lived out there once. I cannot go; I have no money. But it does not matter as I have nothing to live for.

"We are going to California," said the Gypsy who had been hurt, "and you shall go with us."

The ex-janitress demurred but the Gypsies persisted and would not take "no" for an answer, so that is how it came about that Annie Armstrong returned to California in a Gypsy caravan.

Four days after the events recorded in the preceding chapter this band arrived at the mountain camp and joined the large caravan there.

Armstrong was not there when they came in. He noted the new arrivals when he returned and went to them to greet them.

Annie Armstrong was seated when he came up and she rose to her feet and cried out "Hugh!"

"Yes, it is me, Annie," he said coldly, for his heart was hardened against her since he heard how she had deserted her home and Nell.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" she asked.

"No, I am not," he answered, and turning walked away.

"I deserve it all, I know," cried Mrs. Armstrong running after him and catching hold of his arm, "but for heaven's sake I beg of you tell me about our baby Nell."

Armstrong shook off her hand and stood meditating what to say for a moment for his feelings were in a turmoil. He turned to answer his wife's question when a cherry voice said:

"Hello Daddy. Joe and I went to ——— and just got back."

"Nell," cried Mrs. Armstrong.

Nell turned and looked at her then said, "Mother," and the two women rushed into each other's arms.

After several minutes Nell turned to speak to her father but he was gone.

The reconciliation between father and mother was brought about by Nell. No one but themselves ever knew anything of the details except the fact that Armstrong finally forgave his wife.

Her poor little story of her life after she left the homestead was soon told.

She walked to the station, took a train and reached her parents home without incident. She wrote a letter to her husband the evening of her arrival and one every day for several weeks. Then her first letter was returned and every day or two she received a returned letter until all of them came back to her. "Left here, address unknown" was the endorsement on the returned letters.

Her parents were poor and her mother was sick with the disease that ended her life a few months later.

Her father's health was poor and the two barely managed to earn their expenses so she had no opportunity or funds to make an effort to locate her husband and child. She knew nothing about his arrest and thought he had

gone to some other place with Nell and she lived in the hope that he would forgive her and write or come see her.

When her father died about four years later she had given up all hope and she moved to a smaller cheaper home in another part of the city to be near to her work as she had secured the job of janitress in the office building.

The reconciled couple were enjoying a sort of second honeymoon and were holding hands while seated on the side of the road near the camp early one moonlight night when Joe and Nell came to them hand in hand.

Joe had told Nell that world old story and now they came so he might ask her parents' consent.

Subsequent events proved that the consent was given and not only that result but a plan of spending their lives together in a concerted effort for the development of the Gypsies was the outcome of their long conference that evening.

Nell was secretly disappointed, however, because her father did not enter into her plans with his usual whole hearted manner of taking hold of things in which he was interested. "What can be wrong with father?" was the thought that marred her otherwise perfect happiness.

X.

How much truth and how much fake there is in the occult practices of the Gypsy women is a question for others to decide. Each of the readers may form his or her own deductions and conclusions, or dismiss the entire matter as mind reading, coincidence or "bunk." Set down here is a plain unvarnished account of what took place without comment or explanation.

"Three of the older women including the old granny, Henrietta, who was with Nell at Starlin's, took her aside one evening and told her that her father was brooding over his wrongs and was meditating killing young Starlin for revenge. "He must not do this," they said. "You and your mother must watch him and keep him with you. Stay with him all the time for the next few days. He shall have revenge. We have earnestly sought knowledge of your future lives. The stars tell us that before ten days pass justice shall be done to your father. You will also be married and will receive a wonderful wedding present."

"But I have no intention of being married for some time yet. Not until next year anyway," said Nell.

"Wait and see, daughter," said Henrietta, who was called granny and the old witch.

Nell told her mother and father and Joe about the prophecy, but of course said nothing to her father about the warning about him.

"There is one part of that prophecy that is surely coming true," said Joe, "and that is our marriage."

"That is the part that will not," said Nell blushing.

"Please," begged Joe, "because maybe that will help the rest of it to come true."

Nell refused but the subject was renewed at every opportunity by Joe and finally she wavered and at last consented to be married on the following Monday at noon.

They got the license, made arrangements for the pastor of the church they both attended as children to perform the ceremony. They decided to hold the wedding in the Gypsy camp out of respect to their Gypsy friends and because of the romance and fitness of doing so. The entire camp was all excited over the approaching event, and with the preparations for the noon feast, the trousseau, and buying of presents everyone was having a most delightful time. Mr. Armstrong quit brooding and entered heartily into every phase of the matter in which he could take part.

But what of the rest of the prophecy?

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED ON SATURDAY NIGHT:

Subsequent investigation to ascertain the facts showed the cause of the detective's action was a deal in which he was involved that necessitated he and his associates getting a large amount of cash in a hurry to save them from a government investigation which would have resulted very disastrously for them. But the others made restitution and it would do no one any good to expose the facts and it is not material to our story.

Detective Charles Hardin, who will be remembered was at the Judge's office when Nell and her father tried to get legal action against William Starlin, must have been convinced of the truth of their charges and determined to use his knowledge to blackmail Starlin.

He called at William Starlin's home about nine o'clock on that Saturday night somewhat under the influence of liquor and charging Starlin with the crime claimed that he had enough evidence to convict him and demanded ten thousand dollars for his silence.

Starlin took a pistol out of his desk and pointing it at the detective ordered him to leave. In his excitement, or it may have been an intentional act, he pulled the trigger and the bullet went close to the detective, who pulled his gun. When the duel was over the detective was dead and Starlin was mortally wounded.

The foregoing are the bare facts of the tragedy based on what little William Starlin told of it and the most probable deduction drawn from his statement.

The newspapers did not learn of the tragedy in time for its publication on Sunday. In the Gypsy camp Sunday passed quietly with contentment, the anticipated delights of the morrow and joy in their hearts.

XI.

Nell's wedding day dawned bright and clear without even any of the fog that very often shuts out the sun in the early morning on the coast and in the mountains near the sea in California.

The minister came out in an automobile owned by a friend of his and on the way about a half mile from the camp the car broke down. The owner thought he could fix it without much trouble himself so the minister went on to the camp afoot.

The wedding ceremony, which was a very simple one, was held under a large live oak tree. Everybody stood up. The bride was given away by her father; the bridesmaids were Gypsy girls. The bride's mother acted as matron of honor. The bridegroom was attended by a young Gypsy.

Joe and Nell had planned to be married in Gypsy costumes but Nell's mother said she would have preferred her daughter to be married in white with orange blossoms as she was, and to please her mother Nell decided to make the change especially as the Gypsies urged her to do so, waiving their preferences in deference to Mrs. Armstrong's. Joe therefore wore a black business suit.

The bride in the conventional white and orange blossoms and the bridegroom, the bride's father, and the minister in black and the bride's mother gowned in gray all framed in the bright colors of the Gypsy gala attire and in the setting of one of nature's beauty spots formed a picture that would make the artist famous who could transfer it to canvas.

After the ceremony and felicitations they set down to a feast, speeches, songs and most excellent music.

The owner of the automobile that brought the minister found he could not fix his car, so a Gypsy volunteered to drive him and the minister back to the city. The owner of the car could get a repair car there to come up the mountain and either get his in commission or tow it to the city.

After the minister had left Old Granny proposed that each of them should write out a wish. Joe and Nell and Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong each to have three wishes, and when they had finished writing them they should be

collected and turned over to her and two other old women whom she called by name Marsha and Maria. The three would read them aloud and predict which would come true. The wishes of the bride and her mother were to be read first, the Gypsies next, and those of the groom and bride's father to be reserved to the last.

With much laughter and chafing but also with a spirit of a certain solemnity they gathered about the three old women who seated themselves together and wrote out their wishes.

The bride's three wishes were read first—they were:

1. That justice be done and restitution be made to my father.
2. That we all stay together and work together to develop the Gypsy nation.
3. That the United States set aside a reservation for the White Indians of America.

Then they read the wishes of the bride's mother:—

1. I wish my daughter will be as happy all her life as I was for the first six years of my married life.
2. I wish that my husband might have his good name restored.
3. I wish that my daughter and son will always be content to remain with their parents or near to us.

The two women consulted together for several minutes then Marsha announced their predictions as follows:

Nell's Wishes.

1. Justice is now at work.
2. We will stay together.
3. Not for many years, maybe some day.

Annie Armstrong's Wishes.

1. She will be very happy.
2. This wish will be granted.
3. You will not be separated very long at any time until the final earth parting comes.

Next the Gypsies' wishes were read by Maria and a jolly hour was spent. Although differently worded many of the wishes were that the Americans would all stay with them. The others were all in the nature of jokes at the expense of the newly weds. Each of them as read brought blushes to the bride, confusion to the groom, and gales of laughter to the Gypsies.

The Gypsies' wishes did not call for readings and none were in fact expected.

Finally the groom's wishes were read:—

1. I wish that I could do something that would be worth while in this world.
2. I wish that I could fit up a fine home or caravan for Nell.
3. I wish every joy and happiness for all my wife's adopted people.

After a brief conference the old women through Marsha gave their verdict on these as follows:

1. The stars foretell that this wish will come true. You are destined to take part in a great work with Nell. Your people will read all about it in a book that will tell the account of what you two do to help our nation. In less than ten years the newspapers will speak of this book and the things you have done.

2. Will come to pass very quickly.

3. Thank you.

Was it fate or some mysterious knowledge or an intuition of what was

coming to pass? Slowly the old granny read the three wishes of Hugh Armstrong:—

1. I wish for the life-long happiness of Nell and Joe.

2. This is the last day of your former prophecy. For my children's sake I wish more than ever now that Will Starlin's crime will be brought home to him. Will it come today?

3. I wish that I could give my daughter a wedding present of a fine big automobile fitted up like a private Pullman car and get one for her mother too. We would start the first automobile Gypsy caravan.

Every one sat in silence with their eyes on Henrietta, Maria and Marsha watching their every move, anxious to hear. The old women sat and seemed themselves to be waiting. The tense silence was broken by the sound of a horse's galloping hoofs, first faint then increasing. They came nearer. The old granny, the oldest woman Gypsy in America, now arose to her feet and in a shrill voice cried out, "The answer to your wishes is coming there."

Everyone now looked toward the direction of the approaching sound. Around the turn in the road and into view came the Gypsy who had taken the minister to the city. His horse in a lather of perspiration was coming running now at top speed and the Gypsy was waving a newspaper over his head. He pulled up the horse stopping close to Hugh Armstrong to whom he handed the newspaper speaking two words, yelling them in his excitement, "Read that!"

Across the top of the front page in heavy faced type was the headlines:

**DUEL TO DEATH BETWEEN WILLIAM STARLIN AND DETECTIVE
HARDAN.**

**DETECTIVE INSTANTLY KILLED—STARLIN, MORTALLY WOUNDED,
DIES LATER.**

**STARLIN MAKES REMARKABLE DEATH-BED CONFESSION THAT HE
COMMITTED THE ROBBERY FOR WHICH HUGH ARM-
STRONG SERVED TEN YEARS.**

NOBLE ACT OF HENRY STARLIN.

**Though Heartbroken He Promptly Makes Over to Hugh Armstrong One
Hundred Thousand Dollars—Will Seek to Have His Former Cashier's
Citizenship Restored—Police and Newspapers of Whole Country Asked
to Help Find Unfortunate Victim That Some Measure of Justice May
Be Given Him.**

WHERE IS HUGH ARMSTRONG?

ACT V.

Oration of Herald or Voice:—

Liberty is a force, a power for the uplift of the earth's people. Artists have pictured that spirit as feminine as is best exemplified in Bartholdi's statue of the Goddess of Liberty in New York harbor.

This conception seems correct in the sense that through noble womanhood the world's people are advanced in their evolution and also that it is through their heartstrings that many men have kept in touch with the big things of life.

The spirit of liberty must have been sent out from the great center of radiating forces. You cannot see the spirit with your physical eye-sight, neither can you see electricity, yet think what wonders it performs.

The approaching rays of liberty coming to earth touched the people for some time but its arrival found its first written expression in material form through the agency of Thomas Paine, the trail blazer of human liberty.

On the 9th of January, 1776, Paine published a pamphlet entitled "Common Sense," an array of powerful arguments for separation and the establishment of a republic. He said that independence was the only consistent line to pursue and that it must come to that some time or other. Written in simple convincing language, it was read everywhere and the open movement to independence dates from its publication. It worked a powerful change in the minds of many men. Heads of the New York Provincial Congress considered the advisability of answering it and came to the conclusion that it was unanswerable.

Thomas Paine also did excellent work for liberty in England and France later on.

As an aid to getting men to make a decision liberty chose words of Patrick Henry.

The words were spoken in 1775 in the second revolutionary Convention of Virginia, but they became generally quoted in the Colonies later.

Regarding war as inevitable Patrick Henry presented resolutions for arming the Virginia militia. The more conservative members opposed them as premature whereupon Henry supported them in a speech, closing with the words:—"Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

On the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was formally adopted by the first Continental Congress. This event was announced to the citizens by the ringing of the Liberty Bell. Its message rang out clarion tones that went on and on throughout the years ever increasing in volume and area, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

Liberty chose as chieftain and first President of the people of the first nation to adopt liberty as its principle a powerful man. A strong leader was needed and found to direct the affairs of the first government by the people—George Washington—"first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Every American knows, or should know his part of our history, but do you know that he said:

"My first wish is to see the whole world in peace and the inhabitants of it one band of brothers showing who should contribute more to the happiness of mankind."

The first great document stating liberty as the governing principle for a nation was the Declaration of Independence. It would be a good thing if it and another great Declaration to which I shall refer in a few moments were read in every American home at least once every year.

"When in the course of human events"—are the well-known words beginning that document and they might well be used as a prelude to the next two great events in America's history.

The forces of evil and darkness gathered against liberty's people and

threatened to rend the nation. Liberty chose as a Redeemer, Abraham Lincoln. If it is possible to sum up the cause, struggle, objects and ultimate outcome of the achievements for the people led by President Lincoln in a few words it can best be done in those he spoke at the dedication of Gettysburg battlefield.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Peace reigned throughout the land for more than half a century, except a few minor struggles, and it blossomed like a rose. America slept in fancied security and tranquillity with a serene confidence in the justice of her principles. The men of battle dwindled, relatively speaking, to a small national police force.

The forces of darkness having failed to rend America and other countries that Liberty had won to its standard from within now concentrated upon those countries unfortunate enough to retain an autocratic form of government with absolute Monarchs in control.

To the ruler of the greatest of these countries the forces of darkness came and pictured him as the great war lord of all the earth. They took him up on the high mountain of Vanity and showed him the world. "See, here are other countries with your system of government; they can easily be persuaded to join you and then you will be in control of them and their rulers will be your vassals. With their people added to yours you can make war upon all the world and conquer it and make all the world's people your slaves. All this is yours if you will make us your gods."

But they lied—as they always have done. The hand of God has caused the generals in command of their dupes to blunder, the plans they hatched were thwarted by forces that rose up unexpectedly and stopped the mad rush of the war-crazed victims of what—. Strip the kaiser of the powers of the Autocratic rule his people have allowed him to retain and have submitted to and what do we see?—A weak old man, nerve wracked and nerve wrecked, one arm shriveled up, a brain disordered, nothing but a poor, weak, crippled, defective, really pitiable human being who should be under patient, sympathetic restraint instead of running amuck with the powers of life and death over, and absolute control of millions of human beings far better than himself—his mind the prey of the devils urging him on to the most horrible crimes against humanity—that is the real kaiser.

But the forces of darkness are making their last fight and every device that their devilish ingenuity can devise is brought to hear against the people.

For three years the struggle goes on and the United States, Liberty's pioneer land, tries to keep out of the fight and bring about peace. Patiently they endure much but at last the time for action comes and their leader,

and standard bearer becomes its champion for world liberty—Woodrow Wilson.

In his great war message to joint congress, which will go down in history as one of the greatest, if not the greatest message ever given by man to mankind, he proclaims liberty for all the nations of the earth and associates with it the greatest achievement that will ultimately come to the world's people—the brotherhood of man.

The concluding words of his world history making and moulding address are:

"It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war—into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance.

But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy—for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free people as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

"To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God help her, she can do no other."

Look at the nations now in the league of honor. Ten years ago no person in the world would have believed it possible that in 1917 China and Russia would be republics and who would have dreamed that those nations would be allied with America, France and England for world freedom. Forward, Brothers, and bring the nations we are now forced to war against to liberty's standard and the brotherhood of men and nations.

Behold, Act V.

Time—April 2, 1917.

Synopsis.

ACT V.

BROTHERHOOD

(The story is now being written.)

John is a civil engineer with a scientific and inventive turn of mind. Full name and that of Mary cannot be given now for certain reasons. Convinced when the Germans sank the Lusitania that it was only a question of time before the United States would be forced into the war John set to work on an idea of an apparatus for a concentration of sun heat rays and their projection to be used as a war engine to destroy the enemy and his forts, depots and guns.

John, by a peculiar coincidence completed his invention in the early morning of that memorable day, April 2, 1917. It developed later that months of time and labor were necessary to perfect it to operate on a large scale.

Elated by his apparent success and an unexpected message to meet Mary at the seashore John invites the Scribe and his wife to accompany him in an auto ride to the beach. Promised an introduction to Mary they gladly accepted.

At the beach while waiting for John to bring Mary from the hotel where he is to meet her, we find Joe Harris and his wife Nell, nee Armstrong, the Gypsy Nell of White Indians.

John comes with Mary and after the Scribe and his wife are introduced we introduce them to Nell and Joe and we all spend a jolly hour in the sea and on the sand.

After the bath we all dress and meet again on the beach. Newsboys are crying "President's war message." John buys a paper and reads to us extracts from the great message to Congress.

John immediately goes to the telegraph office and sends a night letter to the Government tendering his invention and services.

Upon his return to us, Joe offers to go with him to the front and John agrees to take him with him as assistant if he can do so.

Mary and Nell decide to volunteer as nurses on the expedition if they are accepted by the Government.

We take an early dinner together and the Scribe happens to mention the Egyptian mummies and the papyrus found in the hand of the male; all the party are very much interested and the ladies express so strong a desire to see the mummies that the Scribe calls up his friend Winton and tells him and they are invited to come out to his home that evening and see them.

We get a large touring car and go to Winton's home and view the mummies and papyrus. John reads aloud the translation.

BROTHERHOOD.

If the writing of this record of events of the present and near future had been postponed until their completion it would be possible to give the full names and history of the two chief characters and entirely unnecessary because everyone would know them. As it is, for military reasons, the full correct name of one of them cannot be given. In fact, it is deemed advisable to designate both of their first names only. The shrewd reader may guess the names but will, under the circumstances, keep them to himself or herself. As soon as the history can be made public there will be no need of concealment for everyone will know. And so we will call them here and know them now as John and Mary.

John was a civil engineer with an inventive turn of mind. When the Germans sunk the Lusitania he became convinced that it was only a question of time when the United States would be forced into the world war, and so he set to work to perfect an idea that had occurred to him of an apparatus to send out a concentration of sun-rays.

By a peculiar coincidence John completed his invention in the early morning of that memorable day, April 2, 1917.

He was naturally elated with what he believed was his success, but although the model worked perfectly it developed that considerable additional time and some changes were necessary to operate the principle on a large scale.

John had only been in California for a little over a year and the writer and his wife have the pleasure of being numbered among his few friends here owing to being remembered in some letters of introduction from a mutual friend in New York City when John came out here.

It developed later that this day was one long to be remembered for another reason which was the cause of his making a trip to a beach city—somewhere in California—on that day.

His decision to invite us to accompany him to the beach resulted in my good fortune in being able to write this story of the things that transpired in advance of the historical record of them.

I had just finished reading my morning mail when John came hurriedly into my office with his cheery "Good Morning, Jack!" It happens that my name is also John, but my friends all call me Jack, in fact my parents called me Jack and it has stuck since. On the other hand John is a man whom no one would call Jack. I asked him once if anyone called him Jack, he said "the only one I remember was an acquaintance who used to call me Jack when he was soused."

"Hello John," I replied, jumping up and shaking hands. "Glad to see you. Set down and rest your face and hands and have a smoke"

"No, I cannot stay; come on down to the beach with me," he replied, at the same time taking the cigar and getting ready to light it. "Telephone

your wife that I will introduce her to my future wife if she will come along."

"Here is the phone, you tell her that and she will leave everything to come, and be dressed by the time we can get there in that old boat of yours."

It took us about twenty-five minutes to get out to my home and while it does not sound possible to you married men it is a fact that she opened the door and came out all dolled up ready to go as we drove up. But then you know a woman's curiosity will help her to accomplish marvels besides she is genuinely fond of John and interested in his romantic live affair, a part of which our New York mutual friend had written to us.

After greetings were exchanged John said "You flatter us Mrs. Lawrence by your promptness."

I started to speak but my wife said, "I broke a two o'clock engagement with my dentist and he did not seem to like it," and she playfully put her finger over my lips to silence what she knew I was going to be mean enough to say but I had to get it out of my system.

"Flatter you nothing. You have aroused her curiosity so much she would run down to the beach if necessary."

"Isn't he the mean old thing" she said.

"Never mind, he will have to pay the dentist because he will charge you just the same," said John.

The car was a three passenger roaster so we could chat in comfort and on the way John told us how he first met the girl he had determined to marry some day.

(The story will be completed along the lines of the synopsis after it has been revised by expert story and play builders.)

ACT VI.

Time—Yesterday, today or tomorrow.

(The first synopsis of this play was written in November, 1916, and copyrighted in December, 1916. In it my ideas of a sun heat ray device that was used as a war engine at the building of the great pyramid in Egypt are briefly stated. It has very likely been considered ridiculous by many who have read it then or in detail in the subsequent revisions of the play. In a remarkable full page copyrighted newspaper article that appeared in the Los Angeles Examiner on Aug. 5th, 1917, of an interview with Mr. Guglielmo Marconi, inventor of wireless telegraphy, he says that a sun or heat ray device for ending the war and all wars is the most immediate and effective possibility in the realms of science.)—Author.

Synopsis.

Somewhere in France. John's invention and services having been accepted he was commissioned an officer of a special expedition.

Joe was accepted as an assistant to John and six of the Gypsies from their camp were taken on as helpers. With American and French experts in various lines the entire crew or company numbered a hundred and four men, all being duly enlisted. Mary and Nell succeeded with John's plea and the aid of Mary's father in securing permission to accompany the expedition as nurses.

(It was the author's intention to give here a complete description of his idea of the sun ray concentrator and projector, but on account of the possibility that the idea may approximate the actual invention he may be pardoned for using the perhaps justifiable excuse—"cannot be given at this time for military reasons.")

Before the trial of John's invention. At the rear of the lines one of the Gypsies who accompanied Joe to the front plays the violin. The music is excellent and the Gypsy plays until tired but the soldiers clamor for more. The Gypsy suggests that Nell dance for them.

Nell does a wonderful dance of her own composition.

In the midst of the dance Mary and Joe notice that John is saying over and over again "Vashoneta, "Vashoneta." His meaning dawns on them and they all stare at Nell as though in a trance.

The battle. John's invention having been placed in position for its initial operation against a key position of the Germans the French Commander in Chief notifies John by an aide that he is now ready for the trial.

At the trial John sets his invention and opens up the first blast. Everybody is watching the apparatus expecting to see flashes of fire or hear terrific noises, but there is not a flash nor a sound.

They watch John who now reaches for a telescope, they thinking the thing must not be working or is a failure, when they are startled by John's cry and action. He drops the telescope and he first extends his hands toward heaven, then covers his eyes with them. His face is deathly white and he is shaking like a leaf. Then with an awful cry they all look towards the enemy's lines. The key fort is in flames and all about it; everything that will burn is afire. The rest is one mass of blackened ruins. The aviators return to report, most of them unable to fly again that day. When the French, English and American soldiers are at last ordered forward not a single shot comes from the enemy, and when they reach the fort they find a scene too horrible to describe.

Everybody knows that it is only a question of hours or days at the most when the war will end.

The German people the next day demand peace from the Kaiser. When he rebelled revolution broke out and the news coming from the front that day caused them to formally surrender to the United States. In the meantime the work of devastation had gone on—but why tell any more of it. The whole world knew that this invention meant the end of the world war and of all wars.

ACT VII.

Time—1917, 1918, 1919.

Synopsis.

Orator or Voice:—

"A world peace conference of all the nations is held and universal peace agreed upon. A congress of nations is organized."

Picture:—

Showing a gathering of a representative of every country on the globe.

Orator or Voice:—

"The world rejoices. Pleasure and music reign in a great world-wide fiesta. The scene shown here is just one small part intended to show what will occur in the entire world."

Picture:—

Parade, street scene, banquet hall, etc.

Orator or Voice:—

"For its noble part in the great world war Belgium will be made the site of the Peace Temple to be erected as a permanent meeting place for the Congress of Nations. With reference to the Congress of Nations I want to say that there is already a movement on foot in the United States to pass a law that will make the retiring President the delegate of the Nation to the Congress of Nations. It seems that this plan could in some measure be adopted by nearly all the Nations and it is difficult to imagine how any better selection of delegates could be secured and at the same time it would be paying a further high honor to the men who have filled the highest offices in the lands.

At the laying of the cornerstone of the Peace Temple each Nation in the World will be represented by the head of its government or his representative if his personal presence is impossible. This ceremony will be one of the most impressive services ever witnessed anywhere on earth. We present in our picture our best conception of the event. I call your especial attention to the beautiful massing of the flags of all the Nations of the World."

Picture:—

The laying of the cornerstone. The heads of each nation join hands forming a circle, emblematic of the union of nations that encircle the globe. This is followed by the flags of all the Nations being massed as the concluding act of the ceremony.

Orator or Voice:—

"As a crown of glory concluding the fitting acknowledgment and honor to the great world events, a picturization of which we have witnessed here, the conclusion of this act and our sun play on the wonderful brotherhood and liberty achievements of our world history, it is my good fortune and proud honor to present to you our picture conception of the Statue of World Liberty and Brotherhood that the United States will present to France." (Picture shown here.)

"Ladies and Gentlemen: The Statue of World Liberty and Brotherhood.

"I shall leave to eloquent orators of the United States and France the choosing of the proper words in which to correctly express the spirit that will animate the giving and receiving of the Statue.

The French people exercising their characteristic, most excellent artistic taste and consideration of the proper fitness of location will probably select as the site for the Statue the battlefield where they held the hordes of the enemy. It may be that facing the direction from whence the enemy came they will already have erected a monument to their soldier heroes adorned by a majestic figure of the hero of the Marne and the idol of their hearts—Marshall Joffre.

"If so, what better spot in all the world could be chosen for the Statue

of World Liberty and Brotherhood than one on that battlefield facing the monument to France's heroes where they said: "They shall not pass," and holding back a people driven temporarily mad, gave to humanity its chance for World Freedom?

"You will please note, in our conception, the base of the Statue consists of the figures, men and women, that is used to express each Nation, as for instance the female figure for France and our own Uncle Sammy for the United States. The name of each country is on a baldric across the breast of the figure that represents that nation. You see they have all clasped hands forming a circle, which idea used at the laying of the cornerstone of the Peace Temple, symbolizes the union of nations and men in a brotherhood that encircles the globe.

"One shoulder of each figure supports its share of the platform upon which are a male and female figure.

"The artists who selected the models for these figures all decided upon John as their first choice on account of his service to the World. His selection was considered especially fitting when it was learned that his father was French, his mother English and he was born in America. And Mary was most enthusiastically selected as the model for the female figure on account of her beauty of face and form as well as the fact that her father was English, her mother American and she was born in France.

"You see the male figure has a shield upon his left arm on which are the words, "They shall not pass." The right hand is extended to heaven—expressive of our calling it to witness the Justice of the Cause for which humanity fought and thanking God for the Victory.

"The left hand of the female figure is resting on the shoulder of the male symbolizing the reliance of noble womanhood upon manhood. The right hand is holding aloft the blazing torch of World Liberty.

"The statue as a whole is emblematic of the great truth that in the hearts of all Earth's people there has been erected the supporting pillars of the wonderful Temple of the Brotherhood of Man."

(The end.)

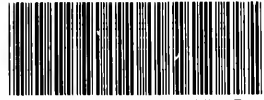
(Note—In the spoken play living figures could be used for the statue and John and Mary could speak the orations. I had this idea in my original manuscript but discarded it just before going to press because I learned it was being used with the Statue of Liberty in a vaudeville act.—The Author.)

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